THE BEST

STANDARD SONGS

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS
SOCIAL WORSHIP AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

R. H. PITT, D.D.,
Hymn Editor

GEO. A. MINOR,
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PREFACE

In the construction of this book we have been guided by several considerations. First of all, we have avoided elaborate and difficult music. The book is intended for Sunday Schools and social worship, and we recognized the fact that it was practically impossible for the great mass of our Sunday Schools to spend any considerable time in mastering difficult musical compositions. There is not a number in this book that may not be quickly learned, even by those without musical training.

We have endeavored earnestly to avoid flooding the book with the light and trivial tunes that have become of late so common, and that have, in our judgment, so largely degraded the musical taste of our people, and have really injured the worshipful spirit which should always characterize the service of song. At the same time, we have striven to meet the necessarily great variety of tastes to be found in our congregations; hence, the book has in it a great deal of cheerful music—music in which there is vital and vigorous movement.

A leading feature of this book is the presence of a large number of old standard hymns and tunes. It is remarkable that with hundreds of hymns and tunes from which to select, so few should be used by the average congregation with any degree of freedom or regularity. We think it can be justly claimed that we have incorporated in this book the very best of standard hymns, and we have been careful to weld them to the tunes with which they have been associated for many years.

It has been a great pleasure to us in this work, to rescue from threatened oblivion quite a number of old and worshipful tunes, for example, the old tune "Approach," number 139; "I believe," 170; "Entrance," 208; "Carroll," 180; "Melody," 175; "Come, Ye Sinners," 194; "I Will Arise," 211, and "How Firm a Foundation," 201. These and other tunes that might be mentioned have many hallowed associations, and it would be a pity for them to disappear. Besides, we have used quite a number of the old secular melodies that seem to defy interpretation the sacred words which we have set to them. In addition to these features, the book has many new and meritorious pieces. Some of these have never appeared before in any publication. In making up our selections we have had access to the catalogue of copyrights owned by the R. M. McKinney Co., of Atlanta, Ga—a catalogue singularly full and valuable. Besides, we are indebted to a great many musical publishers all over the country for permission to use their copyrighted numbers. We cannot make detailed acknowledgment here, but we do, in a general way, express our gratitude for their kindness.

We are sure that the mechanical features of the book will please our friends. The paper is good, the musical and letter-press types are clear and distinct, the binding is durable, and the price is certainly remarkable. We send the book forth with the earnest prayer that it may be useful in deepening the interest and promoting the value of the service of song in all the churches that may adopt it.

RICHMOND, Va., March 20, 1896.

R. H. PITTL

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WARFARE, 8, 13, 45.
1. Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light,
2. Thou didst a-bore ce-les-tial things, Borne a-loft on an-gels' wings,

Mak-er, Teach-er, In-fi-nite,—Je-sus, hear and save!
Lord of lords, and King of kings,—Je-sus, hear and save!

Might- y Monarch, Sav-iour mild, Humbled to a mor-tal child,
Who shall yet re-turn from high, Humbled in night and ma-jes-ty,

Cap-tive, beat-en, bocied, re-viled,—Je-sus, hear and save!
Hear us, help us when we cry,—Je-sus, hear and save!
FOR MANY MANY YEARS.


1. Night and day for many many years, Jesus called me
   in his tender love; And his voice seemed burdened with his tears,
   wilder than the sea, Tireless as the mighty ocean wave;

2. Night and day for many many years, Jesus sought me
   through the desert wild; And his voice yet impresses in my ear,
   wearier, helpless, wanderer, he misses,

3. Night and day for many many years, I have heard that

   in his tender love; And his voice seemed burdened with his tears,
   wilder than the sea, Tireless as the mighty ocean wave;

   in his tender love; And his voice seemed burdened with his tears,
   wilder than the sea, Tireless as the mighty ocean wave;

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   wilder than the sea, Tireless as the mighty ocean wave;

   in his tender love; And his voice seemed burdened with his tears,
**WALK IN THE LIGHT.**


1. Walk, my brother, in the light, Keep your soul-robe pure and white,
2. Walking daily in the light, All the way shall grow more bright;
3. Follow Jesus in the light; Where he walks there is no night;
4. Walk in fellowship of love Till you reach the home above;

Spotless, stainless, free from sin, In the blood of Jesus clean,
God his wealth of love will pour On your spirit more and more.
All is perfect, blissful day; Heaven's glory floods the way.
They who follow in the light Shall with Jesus walk in white.

**CHOIR:**

Walk, walk in the light, Walk, walk in the light,
Walk in the light, the golden light, Walk in the light, the golden light,

Walk, walk in the light, The golden light of God.
We'll walk in the light, the golden light.
1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Jesus
   looking for thee; Tenderly calling, calling, calling,
   hence in his eye, Hear him repeating gently, gently,
   hence with thee yet; Thou canst be happy, happy, happy,
   safe in the fold; Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting.

CHOIR:

Either, then last one, O, come unto me.
Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou delay?
Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
When shall thy story with rapture be told?

Jesus is looking, why dost thou linger, why stay a-way? Run to him
quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

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TO JESUS I WILL GO.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gentle voice within calls a-way; 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er; But my heart is melted now, I o- bey;
2. He has promised all my sins to for-give, If I ask in sim-ple faith for his love; In his ho-ly word I learn how he live, cause till I die; If with cheer-ful step I walk in the truth, cause till I die; If with cheer-ful step I walk in the truth,
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, And be fa-thul to its sound o'er and o'er; But my heart is melted now, I o- bey;
4. Still the gentle voice within calls a-way, And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er; But my heart is melted now, I o- bey;

CHORUS.

From my Sav-iour I will wan-der no more. And to la-bor for his king-dom a-bove. I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by. Yes, I will go;

From my Sav-iour I will wan-der no more. Yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved; Yes, I will go;

From my Sav-iour I will wan-der no more. To Je-sus I will go and be saved.

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AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

Who are those that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?—Isa. 34:6.

C. W. RAY.

R. M. McINTOSH, Mrs. Doc.

1. As the doves to their windows when dark grows the sky,
   For shelter to Jesus I ever would fly;
   When clouds dark and threatening love me may roll,
   A refuge in him shall be found for the soul.

2. As the doves to their windows when wild winds may blow,
   The soul in its peril to Jesus may go.
   The trials are many and terrors appall,
   There's room, there is refuge and welcome for all.

3. As the doves to their windows from storms fierce and cold,
   The tempted may haste to Immanuel's fold.
   From dark gathering tempests of judgment divine,
   In Jesus this sheltering fold shall be mine.

4. As the doves to their windows may sinners draw near,
   If sheltered in Jesus there's nothing to fear;
   His power is almighty to shield and to save,
   And banish the darkness of death and the grave.
AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

The windows of mercy are open and wide, And safe in the bosom of Jesus we hide; The storm-clouds may gather and over us roll, There's refuge, shelter and rest for the soul.

The windows of mercy are open and wide, And safe in the bosom of Jesus we hide; The storm-clouds may gather and over us roll, There's refuge, shelter and rest for the soul.
1. There's a hill lone and gray
   In a land far away,
   In a country be-

2. Behold! faint on the road,
   With a world's heavy load,
   Cross a torn crown

3. Hark! I hear the dull blow
   Of the hammer swung low;
   They are nailing my

4. How they mock him in death
   To his last lab'ring breath,
   While his friends sadly

yeed the blue sea,

D.S.—For 'twas there on its side
   Jesus suffered and died,

For the world, and for you, and for me,

Fine. Repeat.

To redeem a poor sinner like me,

And the tear-drops will start,

5. Then darkness came down,
   And the rocks rent around;
   And a cry pierced the grief-laden air!
   ‘Twas the voice of our King,
   Who received death's dark sting,
   All to save us from endless despair!

6. Let the sun hide its face,
   Let the earth reel again,
   Over men whose Saviour has slain!
   But, behold! from the sad,
   Comes the blest Lamb of God,
   Who was slain, but is risen again!
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN ARMY.

JAS. C. HARMWOOD.

1. Hark! I hear the trump of - tion, Marching with resist - less tread.
2. But what means this glowing face? With its strange de - vice of gold?
3. Onward! onward, Christian sol - diers! Fling the bat - tle's bloom - est toy.

They come, a host ad - vanc - ing With their bra - nces high o'er-head.
Lay - al - ty? To what, I pray you, Is this joy - al - ty you hold?
Sa - tan's host shall flow be - fore you, All shall own Mos - si - ah's sway.

"Wheth - er march ye, ye - worth - ful sol - diers? Under whose com - mand I pray?"
To - a pledge to him who leads us, That our swords shall nev - er rest.

"Hear the an - swer," we're the ar - my Of King Je - sus, on our way.
Till the world shall bow be - fore him, North and South and East and West.
On - ward! on - ward press the bat - tle! On - ward, you shall win the day.

REFRAIN.

We are march - ing on to Zi - on, Christ him - self is at our head;

Such a chief we dare to fol - low, Where - ever we are led."
AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

J. H. Martin.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sorrowful fate, If sorrow is
   If no one should be at the beautiful gate, There waiting and
2. How sad I'd feel in the heavenly state, If sadness is
   If no one should be at the beautiful gate, Conducted to
3. O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and grace, In winning lost
   That many may be in that beautiful place, A crown of re-

Chorus.

heaven can be,
watching for me.
"Yes, wait . . . . . ing and watching for
heaven can be,
glory by me.
souls unto thee.
Yes, waiting and watching for me, for

me, Yes, wait . . . . . ing and watching for me; May many of
me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me;

those at the beautiful gate Be waiting and watching for me.

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ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. Elvira M. Hall.
John T. Grape, by per.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r and thine a- lone,
3. For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise,
5. And when before the throne I stand in him com-plete,

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all,
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone,
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-vary's Lamb,
Then "Je-sus died for me" Shall read the vault-ed skies,
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Chorus.

Je-sus died for me, All to him I owe;

She had left a crim-soon stain: He washed it white as snow.
11 AGAIN WE'LL NEVER PASS THIS WAY.

"I expect to pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human beings, let me do it now; for I shall not pass this way again."

P. H. BREWER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Do you hear the Saviour pleading, hear him pleading?
2. O'er up on the mountains dreary, cold and dreary,
3. Ev'ry day some soul is dying, yes, is dying,

"Go ye forth into my vineyard day by day;
There are souls that may be waiting just for you;
On the mountains where they linger, far away,

day by day; just for you; for a way,"
Again We'll Never Pass This Way.—Concluded.

Go ye forth, I will be with you. (Inter-ceed-ing.)
May be wait-ing near your path-way, O, so ween-y, (0, so ween-y.)
While the Mas-ter on your-self may be re-ly-ing, (be re-ly-ing.)

That some soul may from the dark-ness turn a-way.” (turn a-way.”)
Will you not go out and tell them God is true? (God is true?)
That he gets the in-vi-ta-tion while the day. (while the day.)

Chorus. Repeat. Allegro.
We will go and God be with us, with us ev-er; We will

On.

take the words of Je-sus as our stay, And to lift a fall-en broth-er

we'll en-deav-or, For we know we ne'er a gain may pass this way, (this way.)
COME IN AND ABIDE.

Rev. E. H. Pitt, D.D.

1. Come, blest Redeemer! Be thy servants' honored guest—Come in com-
   passion. Give the troubled rest. Lo, the day is dying—
   passion! Give the troubled rest. Lo, the day is dying—

2. Come, now, blest Saviour, For we languish as we wait. Why dost thou
   linger! At the outer gate? Open are the portals,
   linger! At the outer gate? Open are the portals,

3. Come, dear Redeemer! We are faint and sore distressed. If thou wilt
   enter. We are truly blessed. Then dost thou hear our
   enter. We are truly blessed. Then dost thou hear our

4. hail, blest Je-sus! Then hast heard thy servants' prayer. And heart-
   hast seen the son-nean
   hast seen the son-nean
   hast seen the son-nean

| Give the troubled rest. Lo, the day is dying—
| Open are the portals,
| Then hast sooner the son-nean

Lo, the night comes on apace, And our spirits sighing,

Enter in and take thy place. Let us hear thy message;

Thou forgiest thy people's sin— We are lost without thee;

Where the shadows used to dwell; Thou hast whispered softly,

Long to see thy face. Je-sus, dear Master! Let thy face up-

Let us see thy face. Je-sus, dear Master! Let thy bless-

Hasten to enter in. Je-sus, dear Master! Come and reign with-

Peace—all shall be well. Je-sus, blest Saviour! Thou shalt be our

on us shine; Come in here's peace en-

on us fall; Grant us thy favor; Hear our pit-

in each heart; Deign to be near us, Never more de-

watchful guide. Master! Re-demp-

Thou for us hast died.
OUR BATTLE SONG.

G. A. M.

NEW AIR.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. We are marching on, in a mighty throng, With the Saviour as our King;
2. This shall be our song, as we march along, In the army of our King;
3. Come and join our band, Marching to that band, For we shall not fight in vain;

Cm. — 1. We are marching on, etc.
Cm. — 2. This shall be our song, etc.
Cm. — 3. Come and join our band, etc.

Fine.

Trying hard to win, Precious sins been sin, We will fight and work and sing,
He will pardon all, Both the great and small, Who to him their sins will bring,
Over death and sin We are bound to win, For the Saviour lives again.

C.

Lift the banner high, Wave it toward the sky, We will work and fight,
Let the banner wave! Jesus Christ will save! He will save from sin,
Jesus ever lives, Pardon and forgive; He will lead us on,

D.C.

For our God and right, And we'll make our anthems ring.
All who trust in him, And to the cross will cling,
Till the victory's won, And with him in heaven we'll reign.

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THE ANGEL'S SONG.

1. Now let us sing the angel's song. That rang so
sweet and true,

2. He came to tell the Father's love, His good news,
truth, and grace;

3. He came to bring the weary ones, True peace and
per-fect rest;

4. He came to bring a glorious gift, "Good-will to
men," and why? Bec- cause he loved us, Je-sus came,

Go earth-ly eye and ear, To him we sing our
The glo-ry of his face, With his own light, so
Which dark-ened and dis-tressed That great and small might
For us to live and die. Then sweet and long, the

Saviour King, Who al- ways claims to hear.
fall and bright, The shades of death to chase.
his call, And all in him be blessed.
angel's song A-gain we raise con-

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THE ANGEL'S SONG.—Concluded.

REPEAT.

Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory to God in the

high-est! Peace on earth, good will to man; Glory to God!

Glory to God! Glory to God in the high-est!

Peace on earth, good-will to men, Good-will, good-will to men.

21
1. Stand up, Sir Jesus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
2. Stand up, Sir Jesus, Christian, stand! Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
3. Stand up, Sir Jesus, Christian, stand! Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
4. Stand up, Sir Jesus, Christian, stand! Soon with the blest immor-tal band.

Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, around thy soul!
Spread ye his glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall own him Lord.
Till broken lands, with weeping eye, Its ris'ing glo-ry shall des-ter-vy.
We'll dwell for ev'ry life's journey o'er, In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shores.

Chorus:

Stand up, Sir Jesus, nobly stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!

a tempo.

Stand up, his righteous cause defend; Stand up, Sir Jesus, your best friend.

By per. of Army Band, from the original.
GO WASH IN THE BLOOD.

J. H. Martin.

1. Have you looked to Jesus for his healing grace? Have you
   gone to the Lord for a cure? Are you long-ing, thirst-ing to be
   held his face? Do you want to be spot-less and pure?

2. Have you fled to Jesus from the wrath to come? Have you
   sought the for-give-ness of sin? Are you striv-ing, striv-ing for a
   heart's ly home? Do you wish life and glo-ry to win?

3. Have you come to Jesus for re-lief and rest? Do you
   trust in his mer-cy and love? Are you hum-ly look-ing on the
   Saviour's heart? Are you seek-ing a king-dom a be-"ob"
   heal-ing blood, That was shed by the cru-cif-ied One.

REFRAIN.

Go and wash in the blood That was shed by the cru-ci-fied One,

Ds. - In the cleansing fountain, in the

Ds. - In the cleansing fountain, in the

By per. The N. H. Mcintosh Co., owners of the copy. 

23
1. I am sin-ful, and to thee, Lord, in su-gar-ish I would flee.
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid: Let thy hand on me be laid.
3. Cleanse me in thy pre-cious blood. Lord's prec-cious, stream-ing flood;

To the foun-tain let me go, Make me whiter than the snow.
Then a-lone hast, Lord, I know. Make me whiter than the snow.
Roses of bright-ness, Lord, bestow. Make me whiter than the snow.

Blood of the Lamb! in thy won-der-ful flow.
Blood of the Lamb! in thy won-der-ful flow, thy won-der-ful flow.

Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow.
Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow.

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Remmert.
BLOOD OF THE LAMB!—Concluded.

Whiter than snow, the beautiful snow,
     Whiter than snow, the beautiful snow, the beautiful snow,

Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow
     Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yea, whiter than snow.

18

WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.  Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, With welcome, pardon, cleansing, free,
5. Just as I am—thy love unknown, Has broken every barrier down;

And that thou bid’st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To thee, whose kindness can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears within, and foes without— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Because thy promise I believe— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

26
1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glory divine!
Born of his Spirit, wash'd in his blood.
Echos of mercy, whispers of love.
This is my story, this is my song.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now
I taste on my sight. Angels descending bring from above
Happy and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, looking above.
E'en in his goodness lost in his love.
This is my song. Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am
Rest in my sight. Angels descending bring from above
Happy and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, looking above.
E'en in his goodness lost in his love.
This is my song. Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my
HOME AND REST.

J. H. Flexner.

1. When the night comes on and the work is done, And the day dies in the west, And the welcome call bids the darkness gather round, While the weary sleep in the shadowed shoe away, And the glorious light begins to work upon all From their toil to home and rest: "Thiswest to know that it shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be from shall be so When he gives his love's one sleep, That they shall rest while shall be so When the day-spring feeds the skin, And sons of God for--

2. When the day goes down in the silent town, And the weary sleep in the shadowed shoe away, And the glorious light begins to work upon all From their toil to home and rest: "Thiswest to know that it shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be from shall be so When he gives his love's one sleep, That they shall rest while shall be so When the day-spring feeds the skin, And sons of God for--

3. When the morning breaks and the sleeper wakes, And the day dies in the west, And the welcome call bids the darkness gather round, While the weary sleep in the shadowed shoe away, And the glorious light begins to work upon all From their toil to home and rest: "Thiswest to know that it shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be from shall be so When he gives his love's one sleep, That they shall rest while shall be so When the day-spring feeds the skin, And sons of God for--

4. When the night comes on and the work is done, And the day dies in the west, And the welcome call bids the darkness gather round, While the weary sleep in the shadowed shoe away, And the glorious light begins to work upon all From their toil to home and rest: "Thiswest to know that it shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be from shall be so When he gives his love's one sleep, That they shall rest while shall be so When the day-spring feeds the skin, And sons of God for--

By par. The H. M. McLoughlin Co., owners of the copyright.
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOXIE SHAWS.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadow,
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,

Sowing in the moonlight and the dewy eve; Waiting for the
First gleam of the rising sun; Winter's chill has passed away,
The homestead that sustains our spirits—ten years; When our weeping's

harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing,
harvest, and the labor ended, We shall come rejoicing,
ev'ry hour he will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing,

Chorus.

brining in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, (omit.) bringing in the sheaves.
Cleave to the Saviour.

J. H. Martin.

1. Would you please and honor Jesus? Follow him in all you do.
2. Would you have a friend in Jesus? To support you in your way?
3. Do you long to be with Jesus, And a crown of life secure?

Would you win his love and favor? Be his servant, faithful, true.
Owe him as your Lord and Master, Him receive, and love, o, hey,
Be thou patient in his service, Mekli to the end assured.

Refrain.

Cleave to the Saviour day by day, Tempted by sin, go seek him in pray'ry: Duty perform, and courage display, Cleave to the Saviour everywhere.

By per. The E. M. McKinney Co., owners of the Copyright.
CALLING THEE AWAY.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OATES, by per.

1. Beyond the cares of life and bitter pain, Be-
   yond the realms of passion and of strife, That voice is calling,
   calling thee today, From sin and death to quickly flee away,
   From all earthly care and sorrow, Sweetly calling thee away.

2. Beyond the fading vanities of life, Be-
   yond the thought of wealth or earthly gain, A voice is calling,
   calling thee today, From all unrighteousness to turn away,
   Calling, calling thee away, Calling, calling thee away.

3. Beyond is life and everlasting joy, Be-
   yond, where naught of evil can annoy, The Lord now calls thee
   calling thee today, From all unrighteousness to turn away,
   Calling, calling thee away.

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BLESSSED DAY OF REST.


1. 'Tis the blessed day of rest, By the Lord kindly giv'n, And we
2. Hail the blessed Sabbath rest, With its sweet tranquility, When in
3. 'Tis a jewel fair and bright, Joyful time, sacred rest, 'Tis an

gather to worship God, Our Father, in heav'n: If with lowly hearts we
Xi-on, the home of pray'r, With gladness we meet; As beFore the throne we
emblem to us of heav'n, Day fair-cast and best; If we keep it to the

come, And thus Jesus draw near, What a joy to his children
bend, With remission of sin, Heavenly peace fills the bosom,
Lord, And his blessing we seek, We shall prize it as gold - en,

D. N.—What a joy to his children.

Fine Refrain.  D. N. to 0.

In his courts to appear,
There a river within,
As the gem of the week,

Blessed day of rest, Blessed day of rest,
Blessed day of rest, Blessed day of rest,

In his house they are blest.

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31
COME UNTO ME.

MRS. M. R. C. SLADE. A. R. EVERETT.

1. Hark, the gentle voice of Jacob calleth. Tenderly up on your ear; Sweet his cry of love and pity, call eth; of his heart; His who calleth is the Master, his burden take; Find the yoke his hand is on you laying.

2. Take his yoke, for he is meek and lowly, bear his burden, heavy laden, Come, and I will give you rest.

3. Then, his loving, tender voice saying, bear his yoke, his

CHOIR.

Turn and listen, stay and hear, He will teach if you will learn. Ye that labor and are heavy laden,

Lean upon your dear Lord's bosom; Ye that labor and are heavy laden, Come, and I will give you rest.

\[\text{Music notation}\]

By per. The J. B. Bolchazy Co., owners of the Copyright.
1. On the solid Rock I am building, And my home will surely stand the storm; There the tempest rage fiercely madly, silver, may all be. That I place each day in the temple, stab his will not stand. For the fires of God will destroy them, surely there a hide; Then the Lord will say, Faithful servant, on the Rock, or stand? When the winds and waves beat upon it.

D.S.—On the solid Rock I am building.

POSS. CHORUS.

All is safe, for it can do me harm. I am building for eternity. His appearance they can never command. On the solid Rock is my reward a-waits you by my side. Will it fall in wreck, or will it stand?

And my house will surely stand the storm.

building sure, The tempest rocks, still it is secure.

D.S.

Composed by D. E. Drexel.
FREE WATERS.


1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, O, haste to its brink;
2. There's a living stream, with a crystal gleam; From the throne of life wave its waves;
3. There's a living well and its waters swell, And eternal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's chill and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters have;

'Tis the fount of love from the Saviour above, And he bids us all freely drink.
While the waters roll, let the weary soul Hear the call that forth forever goes.
And we joyful sing, as the spring, O, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see: Let us haste to joyful there.

Chorus.

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'Tis for you and me;

Thirsty soul, hear the welcome call: 'Tis a fountain open'd for all.

Thirsty soul,
THE FOUNTAIN OF HIS BLOOD.

C. W. HAY.

1. In Jesus I have found, A balm for every wound, Washed in the fountain of his blood; Once crisi-fied for me, I now at rest shall be, Washed in the fountain of his blood.

2. In Jesus I am blest, My weary soul has rest, Washed in the fountain of his blood; Each stain it doth remove, Its healing power I prove, Washed in the fountain of his blood.

3. Beneath the cleansing tide, From my Redeemer’s side, Washed in the fountain of his blood; The halt and lame, the blind, May wash in the fountain of his blood.

D.S.—I’m washed as white as snow, Rested at rest shall be, Washed in the fountain of his blood.

FANCY.

D.S.

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WHATSOEVER SEED YOU SOW.

1. What-so-ev-er seed you sow, While you journey here below, In the
har-vest you'll be sure to reap a gain: Whether angry words you speak,
man-y-fold, or twenty-fold; For the seeds of truth and love,

2. What-so-ev-er seed you sow, By the reaping time will grow, And will
You'll reap life and joy above, For the sins you sow, reap

To the mem-ory they'll lie, And will ev-er bring forth

3. What-so-ev-er seed you sow, Will con-tinue when you go To
All you say or do, Are but seeds you sow, For the

reach-ing time that's coming bye and bye: When the sheaves of golden grain, Or the
gath-er, just the same, pain and weep un-fold.

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WHATSOEVER SEED YOU SOW.—Concluded.

thems to give you pain Will be gathered for the judgment day on high.

30 LORD, BLESS OUR SCHOOL TO-DAY.

G. A. M. GEO. A. MINER.

1. Lord, bless our school to-day; Bless us to-day; We come to
worship thee; Show us the way. Here from the world we turn,
what to do.—Just what to say. May ev'ry seed we sow
read thy word,—Bless when we pray. Bless ev'ry song we sing.

With longing hearts that bide Thy blessed truths to learn. Bless us to-day.
Spring up, and surely grow And blessings rich bestow. Bless us to-day.
Each offering that we bring. Bless us in ev'rything. Bless us to-day.

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ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O love, surpassing knowledge! O grace, so full and free!
2. O wonderful salvation! From sin he makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ so precious, Pour'd out on Calvary!

1. I know that Jesus saves me, And that's enough for me!
I feel the sweet assurance, And that's enough for me!
I feel the cleansing power, And that's enough for me!

Explain.

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me!

I know that Jesus saves me, And that's enough for me!
FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. R. C. Blake

A. R. Everett

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee calling, Come, follow me!
2. Through the cold dark mountains, seeking his sheep;
3. If they lead through the temple, lo, they, proclaiming the word;

And we see where thy footprints falling, Lead us to thee.
Or along by Solomon's Fountain, helping the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and lowly, serving the Lord.

CHORUS

Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;

We will follow the steps of Jesus wherever they go.

4. Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway we follow thee;
   The gloom of that place of Gethsemane!—Chorus.

5. If thy way and its sorrows bearing, we go again,
   Up the slope of the hill side, bearing our cross of pain.—Chorus.

6. By and by, through the shining portals, turning our feet,
   We shall walk with the glad immortals, Heaven's golden streets.—Chorus.

7. Then at last when on high he spake us, Our journey done,
   We will rest where the steps of Jesus End at his throne.—Chorus.
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade

A. R. Everett

1. Who at my door is standing—Patiently drawing near,
   Entrancewithin demanding? Whose is the voice I hear?
   While I am still delaying, Will he not pass me by?
   Sweetly the forces are falling,—"Open the door for me!"

2. Lone-ly without he's stay-ing; Lone-ly within am I,
   While I am still delaying, Will he not pass me by?
   Jesus, art thou not weary, Waiting so long for me?
   If thou with heed my calling, I will abide with thee.

3. All through the dark hours dreary, Knocking again is he,
   Jesus, art thou not weary, Waiting so long for me?
   Though he rebuke and chasten, He shall with me abide.

4. Door of my heart, I listen! Thee will I open wide.

Refrain.

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40
MOMENT BY MOMENT.

GEORGE QUINNAN, by per.

1. Moment by moment, moment by moment, The Savour is mine,
the Altar divine; He sanctifies daily, and fills me with glory,
his love is burning in me. For glory I'm bound, for glory I'm bound.

2. Moment by moment, moment by moment, I'm trusting in thee,
with me; I am seeking, each moment I'm finding,
this moment cleansing, Jesus, my Saviour, this moment is mine; Moment by moment,
that Jesus, my Saviour, names from all sin. The blood is now cleansing.

3. Moment by moment, moment by moment, He keeps me from sin,
the Altar divine; He sanctifies daily, and fills me with glory,
his love is burning in me. For glory I'm bound, for glory I'm bound.

4. Moment by moment, moment by moment, He preserves me,
the Altar divine; He sanctifies daily, and fills me with glory,
his love is burning in me. For glory I'm bound, for glory I'm bound.

5. Just in a moment, just in a moment, The trumpet will sound,
the Altar divine; He sanctifies daily, and fills me with glory,
his love is burning in me. For glory I'm bound, for glory I'm bound.

Copyright, 1895, by Geo. Quinnan.
GO BANISH THE NIGHT.

C. W. HAY.

1. Go, ye Children of Light, Go and ban-ish the night, Go at
2. Go what-where may be-tide, O'er the des-ert so wild, Bid the
3. Where the sun-light may gleam, O-ver lake-let or stream, O'er the

heralds of Christ and the day; Go, salva-tion proclaim, In the
weak and de-spairing a-rise; That each heart may en-thone The Re-
wild, rough and lone-ly high-way; Go from shore to shore, Go in

Sav-iour's dear name, Go and drive all the dark ness a-way,
deen-er a-rose, And to him lift their sin dark-en'd eyes,
faith ev-er-more, Bear the light of the glad ges-pel day.

REFRAIN.

O-ver mount ain and sea, Where the lost ones may be, Let the

town of re-demp-tion be told; Till o'er val-ley and plain, Our Re-
GO BANISH THE NIGHT.—Concluded.

36

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY.

L. MANSON.

VERSE.

Mourn-ing cap-tive, God him-self shall looze thy bands.

CHORUS.

Mourn-ing cap-tive, God him-self shall looze thy bands.

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sa-cred herald stands,
   Wel-come now to Zi-on be-lying, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands:

2. Has thy night been long and mournful,
   All thy friends unfaithful proved?
   Have thy foes been proud and mournful,
   By thy sighs and tears removed?
   Cure thy mourning,
   Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee!
   He himself appears thy friend;
   All thy foes shall flee before thee,
   Here their hearts and triumphs end;
   Great deliverance,
   Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
JOY IN HEAVEN.

MRS. LOUISE X. HOOKS.

R. M. McLENNAN.

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to-day O'er the lamb that is found again. Far a-way from pastures green, Weaning a-way from home, no joy is ne'er rest, Jesus still is ever near, Hearing mercy and pardon free! He will see the falling tear, Hear the all alone on the desolate barren plain; night and day All the cries of the sin-opposed! Glory to the Lord of Hosts, fervent pray'rs, And will tenderly welcome thee! Short the morning stars are high, Praise him ever, ye angels of light! He has heard the distant cry Of the lamb to-day, And he hears it rejoicing home!

By per. The J. H. McLeod Co., owners of the copyright.
1. Keep me, O Father, Bring me safely to thy fold;
2. Keep me, O Father, Lost in sinful paths I roam;
3. Keep me, O Father, Till my earthly task shall end;

Guide me and guide me, Till my Saviour I behold.
Guard me and guide me, Safely to my heavenly home.
Keep me, and guide me, Till before thy throne I bow.

Jesus, Redeemer, I will trust my all to thee;
Guide me, protect me, Bless me with thy tender care;
Heavenly Father, Keep me, keep me all the way;

Till I safely reach the realms of glory, Guide, guide thou me.
For the blissful mansions, Lord, prepare me, Guide, guide me there.
Keep me, till thy loving voice shall greet me, In that great day.

S. P. C. CHURCH, by per.
HEAR HIM CALLING.

J. H. MARTIN. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Are you stay-ing, sad-ly stay-ing, in the ten-der-shepherd's
2. Are you hear-ing, glad-ly hear-ing, how he bids his fold-ed
2. Are you roam-ing, long-er roam-ing, in the cold, dark-night of

peace-ful fields? No, I'm stay-ing, sad-ly stay-ing. On the
feast re-joice? No, I'm hear-ing, glad-ly hear-ing. I have
doubt and sin? No, I'm com-ing, quick-ly com-ing! O peo

REFRAIN.

loose-ly mountains, dark and cold,
fol-lowed far the stran-ger's voice. On your ear his lov-ing tones are
door, make haste to let me in.

fall-ing. For he seeks you, where-so-e'er you roam. Hear him:

call-ing, sweet-ly call-ing. As he bids his wand-ering sheep come home.
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

Wm. C. FISHER, by perm.

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his grace.
2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the joy beneath.
3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems each day an answer to the prayer, "Seek him, see him, for he is near.
4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best, Seen him, seen him, for he is near.

and his glory, Of Jesus and his love. I love to tell the story because I know 'tis true: It satisfies my longings As story it did so much for me! And that is just the reason I story; For some have never heard The message of salvation From glory, I sing the new, new song, "Twill be the old, old story. That nothing else can do, tell it now to those, God's seven holy words: I love to tell the story, "Twill be my theme in I have loved as long.

glory, To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and his love.
IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.

By Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. O ye children of God, Ye released from the kind, There is work, there is
2. Shall the hand that we love, Glor-y-crowned from a-bove, Be surrendered to
3. From A- bert’s white crest To the shores of the west Must this nation be
4. Let our o’er-rays of gold Be immersed into - Sold A rich harvest will yield, And the reapers will
5. With God’s blessing the seed A rich harvest will yield, And the reapers will

In - her - to the lost, Sins and proud, and depaupered, From thine must be saved, sin - and the world. For be conquered and won For God’s will be loved. Son long be to God. And the millions in sin Must be all gathered in.
God, pay his tow - Being the tithe to the Lord, And send forth the glad West come by and by, With the sheaves of grain. And in joyful re - train

CHORUS.

And the Master al - ways from you,
And his ban - ner of peace be unfurled?
And bear the Indu - tion of the blood.
O, our guilt will be great If we
En - til all at his al - tar shall bow.
Worship the Redeemer on high

And pinch and wait While the people are sly - ing in sin, If we send not the
IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

Light To dispel the dark night And for Jesus the perishing sin!

42 CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

J. H. HANAPOND. R. M. McW Pier.

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Thinking not 'Tis thrown away;
2. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Wildly though the billows roll,
3. As the seed by his house planted To some distant inland home,

God hath promised, shall gather It again some future day.
They shall add the sum total of Truth spread from pole to pole.
So to human souls brought life, That those flinging may be borne.

REFRAIN.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, Why wilt thou still looking stand?
Cast thy bread upon the waters, Why wilt thou still looking stand?

Hence shall God send the harvest, If thou saw'st with thine hand.

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GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

FANNY J. CROSOE

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God!

Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Shall

Be our song to-day.

1. An-o-ther year’s rich mer-cies prove His

Un-lim-i-ted and bound-less love; So let our loud-est rises round the throne of Je-sus stand, And there with an-gels and the throng

2. O, may we an un-brok-en hand, A-

Our glad and grace-ful song of praise, Of his re-deem-ed ones join the song.

Glo-ry to God in the

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GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!—Concluded.

WAHONOWIN. 4s & 6s.

1. Another year Has told its four-fold tale,
2. Ah! not a few Who seem'd life's tail to have,
3. Why am I spared To see another year?
4. From God alone My mercies I receive;

And still I'm here, A traveler in this vale,
Are hid from view, With-in the silent grave.
Why have I shared So many mercies here.
To him alone I would for ever live.

By per. The S. W. Mobberly Co., owners of the Copyright.
UNFURL THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAYWARD

1. Unfurl the Christian standard; lift it manfully on high,
   And rally where its shining folds wave out against the sky!
   Unfurl the Christian standard, and follow with a cheer!

2. In God's own name we set it up, this hope not base and slight;
   For it shall be victorious, this standard of the cross!
   Because the promise of the Lord can never, never fail!

3. But if ye dare not hold it fast, your cause is in the loss,
   Because the conqueror's crown for love of Him is won.
   Unfurl the Christian standard, and follow with a cheer!

4. The Lord of hosts, in whom a base our weak means shall be strong;
   The war-fare shall be past, the glorious triumph won.
   The king-doms of this world shall be the kingdom of his Son!

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OURS KING.

P. B. HAVENGAI. — Leslie P. Watson.

1. O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love;
2. O bringer of salvation, Who wondrously hast wrought
3. In thee all fulness dwelleth, All grace and power divine;
4. O, grant the consummation Of this our song above,

O name of might and power, All other names above!
Thyself the salvation Or love beyond our thought!
The glory that enthroneth, O Son of God is thine:
In endless adoration, And everlasting love.

CHORUS.

We worship thee, we bless thee, To thee alone we sing;
Oh, for lost vision, Then shall we praise and bless thee, Where perfect praise can ring,

We praise thee, and commend thee, Our gracious Lord and King!
And everlasting commend thee, Our Saviour and our King!

Copyright, 1886, by The H. M. Pillow Co.
FREE GIVING.


1. In the days of old, When they called for gems and gold,
   For a sacred offering, Only he whose spirit stirred,
   Freely give, still he calls,

2. Then the woman that was wise, Spun of blue and purple threads,
   And the call was heard by them. But by women's hands, alone,
   Freely give, still he calls,

3. Might-y rud-erance and gave shin-ing gems wheresoever to give
   All the names of Is-ra-el; But their women's hands, alone,
   Freely give, still he calls,

4. Thus the work of God's command, By his ho-ly prophet's hand,
   Was in sacred service wrought. But the last and bless-ed part,
   Freely give, still he calls,

REFRAIN:

Freely give, still he calls,
Freely give, still he calls, Freely give, still he calls,

By per. The H. W. Gray Co., owners of the copyright.
FREE GIVING.—Concluded.

And the promise of my word believe. Freely give,
Freely give, still be calls.
still be calls, and as freely do my love received
Freely give, still be calls.

48
HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

BENJ. FRANCIS

1. Praise the Lord, all ye nations, Praise him, all ye hosts above;
H.C.—He say all to him devoted, To my Lord my all I owe.
2. With my substance I will burn or My Redeemer and my Lord;
We were ten thousand worlds my name, All were nothing to his word.
H.C.—Let his friends, of every station, Gladly join to spread his name.

For his kingdom now promoted, Let the earth her monarch know,
For his kingdom now promoted, Let the earth her monarch know.
While the heralds of salvation His abounding grace proclaims,
While the heralds of salvation His abounding grace proclaims,
THE BEAUTIFUL PARADISE GATE.

E. R. LATTA.  JOHN H. BETTANY.

1. There's a heavenly garden, most wonderful-fair, Than ter
2. There, the voice of the tempter, the blast was not near! There's no
3. There's a highway of God, where we safely may go, That is
4. O, how many are there, that have gone on ahead! And are

res-tress-ed, Re-don't et-take; And, the sacri-fi-ced lover once a-
sick-ness, or are-row, or hate! And, the hoars of salva-tion are
open to small and to great; And, the faith-ful dis-ciples, so
safe in that bless-ed re-treat! To their home-coming spir-its, a

wait for me, there, At the beau-ti-ful Par-a-dise gate!
waited, from far, At the beau-ti-ful Par-a-dise gate!
entrance shall know, At the beau-ti-ful Par-a-dise gate!
welcome was said, At the beau-ti-ful Par-a-dise gate!

Chorus.

Beau-ti-ful gate! beau-ti-ful gate!
Beau-ti-ful gate! beau-ti-ful gate!

Shall I, and shall you, Be allowed to gather Thro' the beautiful Paradise gate.
"I WILL UPHOLD THEE."

HIS LOULI K. ROYERS. R. M. McLEMORE.

1. O promises sweet! be lead-eth me. O'er wa-ters wild and deep;
2. Some-times he leads o'er mountain height, O'er wa-ters dark en deep;
3. Some-times he leads by wa-ters still. Where all is peace and love;
4. If dark-ness not if shad-ow lies Up-en my path-way here;
5. O glo-rious Light! I'll fol-low thee Where-ev-er thou mayest shine;

I will not fear the rug-ing sea. If he my soul doth keep.
Yet worn and wea-ry 'in the night, His bless-ed voice I hear!
And qui- et joys my heart en fill. Like that sweet rest a-love,
A glo-din light it-luness my sky. If on-ly God is near!
At home, a-broad, on land or sea. No oth-er joy is mine.

REPEAT.

I will trust in the prom-ise of my Sav-ior, I will

trust in the prom-ise of my Sav-ior, I will

trust in the prom-ise of my Sav-ior. And he will lead me home.

By per. The B. M. McDermott Co., owners of the Copyright.
1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold.
2. Lord, my sins, they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh, that beautiful city, With its mansions of light,

I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold.
But thy blood, oh, my Saviour! Is sufficient for me;
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;

In the book of thy kingdom, With its pages so fair,
For thy promises are written, In brightest letters that glow,
Where no evil thing exists, To despoil what is fair;

Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow.
Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?—Concluded.

Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

52

YARBROUGH.

Miss Frances R. Haverstock. Arr. by R. M. McIntyre.

1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and benignant for thee;
3. Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold;
4. Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no longer mine;
5. Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy royal throne;

Canst Thou give my life to thee, Things forevermore to be;

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my self, and I will be Ever, only, all for thee.

Lord, I give my life to thee, Things forevermore to be.
ONLY TRUST HIM.

1. Come, ev-’ry soul, by sin oppress’d, There’s mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed his pre-cious blood Rich blessings to be-see;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go.

And he will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in his word,
Plunge now in the wrath-ful flood That wash-es white as snow,
Believe in him with-out de-lay, And you are fa-ly blest,
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys in- mor-tal flow.

Cranzis.

On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him, On-ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
I KNOW I SHALL WANT TO BE THERE.

CARRI E. HURST.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. When Jesus his loved ones is bringing To the home he has
   gone to prepare Where angels in glory are singing,
   I know I shall want to be there.

2. When Jesus shall shine in his glory And the ransomed his
   grace shall share, Made glad the redemption's sweet story,
   I know I shall want to be there.

3. When the feet of the ransomed are going In streets that are
   wondermously fair, Where the river of life shall be flowing,
   I know I shall want to be there.

REFRAIN.

I know I shall want to be there,
I know I shall want to be there,
I know I shall want to be there,
With Jesus and all the bright angels, I know I shall want to be there.
O, GUIDE ME.

Horatius Bonar.

Lettie I. DeMoss, by perm.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, however dark it be!
2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;
3. Choose then for me my friends, My sickness or my health;
4. Not mine, not mine the choice, In things of great or small;

Lead me by thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.
Choose thee for me, my God, So shall I walk aright.
Choose thee my care for me, My poverty or wealth.
Be thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom, and my all.

Chorus.

O, guide me Heavenly Father! O, guide me
O, guide me, guide me Heavenly Father! O, guide me, guide me

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62
O, GUIDE ME.—Concluded.

O, guide me, all the way.
O, guide me, all the way.

56

GREGORY. C. P. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. I. C. EVERETT.

1. Come on, my partners in distress, My comrade through the wilderness.
2. Beyond the bound of time and space Look forward to that heavenly place,
3. Who suffer with our Master here, We shall see his face appear;
4. Through blest, blue-in-spiring hope! It lifts the fainting spirit up.

Who still your burdens feel: A while forget your griefs and fears,
The means so sure a help: On faith's strong angelo-pious tone,
And by his side sit down: To patient faith the prize is sure;
It brings to life the dead: Our conflicts here shall soon be past.

And look beyond this vale of tears To that celestial hill,
And form your passage in the skies, And scale the mount of God,
And all that to the end endure The cross, shall wear the crown.
And you and I ascend at last, Triumphant with our Head.

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63
I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to serve and trust his holy word, I want to sing and pray, and be ever in the way, That leads to heart's abode, where Je-sus' poor to save, All who will truly come, shall ever to thy word, That points to joys on high, where

2. I want to be a worker every day, I want to lead the busy every day, In the vineyard of the Lord.

3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in all is peace and love, In the kingdom of the Lord.

4. I want to be a worker, holy, Lord, To lead the lost and find a happy home, In the kingdom of the Lord.

Chorus: I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the I will work and pray. I will work and pray.
I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded.

vine-yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray.

I will labor every day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.

58

DUNCAN. S. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Now in the morn thy seed, As ever held not thy hand. To
2. Then knew'st not which shall flower, The late or early sown: Grace
3. And duly shall appear, In verdure, beauty, strength, The
4. Then, when the final cut, The day of God is come, The

doubt and fear give then no heed—Broad cast it o'er the
keeps the precious germ a live. Where and where ever sown;
tender blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length,
angels reap ers shall de acced, And hear'ning sing, "Harvest home!"
1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal.
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul,
But telling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadow-y vale.

Chorus:
O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I;
O, then, to the Rock(392,367),(933,504)
let me fly;
To the Rock that is higher than I.
1. There are days of toil in the sowing time, There is need to work and pray. There are fields to scatter with precious seed, Ere the day-light fades away. O, the reaping time is coming, O, the reaping time is coming.

2. There are weary hours when the seed is sown, And the weeds are springing up so fast. There are days when har-vest the field appears; Yet the time may grow yet the sower may see calf beard is giv'n, That the grain from seed that the faith-ful sow, Shall be

3. There are bitter tears over this falling grain, There are pray'rs to God. Yet the sower may see yet the time is ripe for the harvest, can show, the harvest home in heav'n. O, the reaping time is coming, O, the reaping time is coming.

4. O, the reaping time it must surely come. For the Mas-ter's It is com-ing by and by, It is com-ing by and by;

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67
1. Do you think when you turn from your Saviour, How little he
   asks you to do? Just to come and confess and obey him,
   hard-nosed and sin, How long at your heart he's been knocking,
   count-ed the cost? Thou'lt you gain all of earth's fleeting treasure.

2. Do you think when you turn from your Saviour, How he grieves o'er you
   and blood for you? O, story most woe-some and touching,
   And yet you will not let him in? And you know that the story is true!
   And his soul in the end should be lost! Won't you come?

3. Do you think when you turn from your Saviour, How he poured out his
   and confess and obey? The time is so
   short for his service, And no time is yours but today!
   The time is so
   And no time is yours but today!

4. Do you think when you turn from your Saviour, Let me ask, have you
   and obey? The time is so
   and obey?
THE SWEETEST SONG.

W. H. LUTKENRACH.

J. H. KURZENKNAEB, by per.

1. No sweeter song is heard on earth, Than song that tells of Jesus' birth.
   The manger and the rugged tree, On which he died for you and me.

2. In this sad world of sin and grief, Of our few joys it is the chief, To sing of him whose dying love. Secured for us a home above.
   The manger and the rugged tree, On which he died for you and me.

3. Till life shall end, we'll sing this song, The first strain from our harp shall be, That Jesus died for you and me.
   The manger and the rugged tree, On which he died for you and me.

Chorus.

No! The Crucified! His thorns of thorns, his bleeding side, His pierced hands, his wounded feet, We'll ever sing in measure sweet.

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PEALING WITH THEE.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. MCDONALD, MUS. DIR.

1. There is a voice of the tenderest love—pleading with thee;
2. Long he has stood at the door of thy heart, waiting on thee,
3. Do you not hear him as gently he pleads, calling to thee,
4. O how he yearns o'er thy sin-burdened heart, whispering to thee,

pleading with thee: It is the voice of the Lord from above,
waiting on thee: Lead me, gracious and give peace to impart,
calling to thee? See with what reverence the Lord intercedes,
whispering to thee: Earnestly longs his sweet love to impart,

Chorus.

Saying, "O come unto me," "Come unto me,
Come unto me,

Come unto me." "Jesus is tenderly

PLEADING WITH THEE.—Concluded.

Calling to thee, "Come unto me, come unto me, Jesus is tenderly calling to thee."

COME, SINNER, COME.

W. E. WITTE.

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know him, Jesus whispers to you.

2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come! Jesus will not deceive you, While Jesus whispers to you.

3. O, hear his tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

Music by H. B. Palmer, owner of copyright.
WONDERFUL LOVE.

ANNE STEELE.

1. Jo - son, —and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our gri - fies and woes?
2. Well might the stars with won - der view A love so strong - er - as thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To thy di - vine con - trol?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con - fuse Thy sweet, thy gen - tle sway;

And didst thou bleed and grieve and die, For thy re - bell - ious son? No thought of an - gels e'er knew Com - pas - sion so di - vine! De - scend, O sov - ereign love, de - scend, And melt that stub - born soul. Glad cap - tives of thy match - less grace, Thy right -eous rule o - bey.

Chorus.

O 'twas won - der - ful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love.

That brought him from heaven above, bea - ti - ful heaven a - bove,

As a ran - som to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree.
WONDERFUL LOVE.—Concluded.

To save a poor sinner like me,
save a poor sinner like me, like me, a sinner like me.

66

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

D. R. Lucas. J. H. Housman, by per.

1. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Known in the tide of time,
2. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Bright as a fable-less ray,
3. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Pure as a guile-less lamb,

For all the ages—tho' they're gone by, That love appears sublime,
That remain in peace from the vengeful flame, To serve and rule a-way.
It is the glory that lights the throne, The throne of th'great I AM.

D. R.—O sons of men, take the love of Jesus, Offered to all—to thee.

Chorus.

Jesus' love, precious love, Boundless as God, and free.
1. Great God, when I approach thy throne, And all thy glory see;
2. How can a soul condemned to die, Escap't the just decree?
3. Burdened with sin's oppressive chain, O, how can I get free?
4. And Lord, when I behold thy face, This must be all my plea;

This is my stay, and this alone, That Jesus died for me.
Helpless, and full of sin am I, But Jesus died for me.
No peace can all my efforts gain, But Jesus died for me.
Save me by thy almighty grace, For Jesus died for me.

REFRAIN

The Lord is merciful, Is merciful unto us, Is merciful unto us,

The Lord is merciful, Is merciful unto us, Is merciful unto us,
THE LORD IS MERCIFUL.—Concluded.

The Lord is merciful, is merciful unto us,
Is merciful unto us,

He died for you and me. He died for you and me, for you and me.

68 CLAY STREET. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. Salvation, O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
2. Her last in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3. Salvation! let the echo fly! The spacious earth around,

A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.
But we arise by grace divine To see a heavenly day.
While all the arms of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

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THE KINGDOM TO COME.

MRS. HANNAH M. RICHARDS.
REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. Let the world have its diamonds, its silver and gold, I am richer by far with the title I hold; I am heir to a kingdom, a
2. Let the world have its postage, my heritage I'll keep. For its pleasures or toys I'll not grovel or creep; I'm a child of a King, I'll not
3. Let the world have its honors, ambi-tions and fame, In the Lamb's book of Life has been written my name; When the world is on fire still, my
diam-onded and pearls it may keep; I've a man-ship prepared in the crown and a throne, That shall stand when earth's kingdoms are all
name shall en-dure, And my kingdom and its tri-umphs shall con-tinue, While the arches of heaven with Hos-ann-as re-sound.

CHORUS:

Hal-le-lu-jah, my soul mounts up-ward and sings, Hal-le-

Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, the King of all Kings! Hal-le-lu-

From "Paradise," by Mrs. H. B. Halsey.
THE KINGDOM TO COME.—Concluded.

kingdom, to come draw with nigh, What a crowning 'twill be in the

sweet by and by, What a crowning 'twill be in the sweet by and by.

70

ALL THE WAY.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.  Arranged.

1. I can hear my Saviour calling, In the tend'rest ear-est calling,
   Tho' the way be dark and cheer-ry, Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry,
2. Je - ne - st er go before me, Shining heaven's sunlight o'er me,
   Tho' the val-ley whis - per lead me, Heavenly man-na dai - ly feed me,
3. In thy hear't and fore - tion hold me, In thy arms of love en - fold me,

Chorus.—I will take my cross and fol-low, My de -ar Sav-iour I will fol-lowe;

On my ear these words are falling, "Take thy cross and dail-y fol-low me."
Yet my heart keeps bright and cheer-ry, As I fol-lowe, fol-lowe all the way,
And when weak, by grace re-ceive me As I fol-lowe, fol-lowe all the way,
Ev - ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee As I fol-lowe, fol-lowe all the way,
And with thine own grace uphold me As I fol-lowe, fol-lowe all the way.

Where he tends me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

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SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OATES.

1. Scatter-ing precious seed by the way-side; Scatter-ing
2. Scatter-ing precious seed for the grow-ing, Scatter-ing
3. Scatter-ing precious seed. Doubt-ing never, Scatter-ing

precious seed by the hill-side; Scatter-ing precious seed
precious seed, freely sow-ing; Scatter-ing precious seed
precious seed, trusting ever; Sow-ing the word with pray'r

ever the field wide, Scatter-ing precious seed by the way;
trust-ing, know-ing, Scatter-ing precious seed by the way;
and en-deav'ring, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

Chorus.

Sow-ing in the morn-ing,
Sow-ing the precious seed,
Sow-ing in the morn-ing,
Sow-ing the precious seed;

Sow-ing at the morn-tide,
Sow-ing the seed at morn-tide,
Sow-ing the precious seed;

By per. of Case & Shops, owner of copyright.
SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.—Concluded.

Bow-ing in the even-ing,
Bow-ing the precious seed,
Bow-ing the precious seed by the way.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.
D. MARCH.

VERSE 1.
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying, Who will go and work today?

VERSE 2.
Field by field, the harvest waiting, Who will hear the sheaves away?

VERSE 3.
Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, send me, send me."

VERSE 4.
Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward be offered thee.

VERSE 5.
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you silly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his will your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

VERSE 6.
If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them in your dust;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

C. W. HAY.

A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.

1. Sad-ly we sing, and with trem-u-lous breath, As we stand by the
myst-i-cal stream, In the val-le-y and by the dark
mists of death, And yet "tis no more than a dream.
2. Why should we weep when the wea-ry soul rest In the heav-en of
Ja-sus sus-pons, In the mansions of glo-ry pre-
rest for the best? For death is no more than a dream.
3. Naught in the riv-er the mintes should appall, Thou'lt fright-ful-
dis-mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav-ior no
will Van-der-ly gleam; And the ren-nessed the dark-ness and
4. O-ver the tur-bid and on-rush-ing tide, Dost the light of e-
riv-er of death, And yet "tis no more than a dream.
torm shall out-cide, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.
DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo - ry beyond the dark - ness: How

peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is only a dream.

* Words of Chorus by A. J. Borthwick.

74 ENEE: 8s & 7s. Double.

W. B. COLLYER.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Think, O ye who sad - ly mourn, Over the grave of those you love,

While your bosoms throb with anguish, They are safe in heaven above;

D.C.—Glo - ry's brightest beams are play - ing Round the happy Christian's head.

2. Light and peace at once de - sur - ing From the hand of God most high.

In his glo - ri - ous presence living, They shall never, nev - er die.

D.C.—Pain and death, and night, and anguish, Enter not the world a - born.

While your sad - est steps are - traying Lonely three - sight's deep - ing shade,

Came, then, mourn - er, come to ban - shish, Over the grave of those you love:

By you, The H. M. Holbrook Co., owners of the Copyright.
SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME.

Grace W. Hoadley.

W. A. Osborn, by per.

1. I have something Je- sus gave me for my own, (my own;
2. Like his pres- ence it doth bring me peace di-vine, (di-vine;
3. If my hu-man hands had found it, I should grieve (should grieve;

It is something which he sent me from his throne, (from his throne;
"Tis his sweet and ben- der while-per, then art none, (then art none,
But my Sav- iour gave it to me, I be-lieve, (I be-lieve;

It is something which I car- ry in my heart, (my heart;
What's the gift I clasp so fondly would 'st thou see, (thou see?
O how sweet it is to bear it as his gift, (his gift;

It is safe till Je- sus bids me from it part, (is part;
'Tis a cross which Christ my Mas- ter gave to me, (to me;
While the bur-den of my sor-row Christ doth lift, (doth lift;

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SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME.—Concluded.

To a cross he gave me, All in love he gave a

cross

To have to bear In sorrow and in prayer.

To have to bear.

76

LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HERALD.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes arise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle never give o'er;
3. Never think the victory won; Nor lay down thy armor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To drive thee from the skies,
Renew it boldly every day, And help divine to implore,
Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown,
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, To his divine abode.
MEET ME THERE.

H. E. BLAIR

1. On the happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more,
   Where the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the
   night dissolves away. In the pure and perfect day,
   Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.

W. J. KINNEFORD

2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain;
   But in heaven's no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the
   river sparkling bright, In the city of daylight,
   In a world that never shall end, Meet me there.

3. Where the harp of angels rings, And the blessed for ever sing.
   In the palace of the King. Meet me there. Where in
   sweet communion last blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,
   Meet me there.

4. Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.
   Meet me there.
MEET ME THERE. Concluded.

CANTO.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, Meet me there,

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there, Meet me there, When the

1. We may not climb the heavenly steep To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, tender, ever yet A present help is here;
3. The healing of the aching heart Is by our Lord of grace;

In vain we search the lower deeps, For in a no depths can drown.
And faith has yet its Olive, And love its Galilee.
We touch him in Life’s thorough and deep, And we are whole again.

4. Thou, his the first soul prayer are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5. O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate’er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine
THE KINGDOM COMING.

1. From all the dark places Of earth's heathen race, O, see how the thick clouds fly! The voice of salvation
2. The sunlight is glancing O'er acres advancing To conquer the kingdoms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His
3. With shout- ing and sing - ing, And je - ne - lous ring - ing, Their arms of rebellious cast down, At last ev - ry na - tion, The

wakes ev - ry na - tion, Come over and help us, they cry, presence shall bless them, His beauty shall enter them in. Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

Christus.

The king - dom is coming O, tell ye the story, God's

hun - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of his
THE KINGDOM COMING.—Concluded.

knowledge and glory. As waters that cover the sea!

80 WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s. Double.

JOSIAH BOWRING.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends.
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn begins to dawn.

Trav'ler, o'er your mountain's height, see that glorious morning star.
Trav'ler, bless ed ness and light; Peace and truth it dis composes.
Trav'ler, dark were its sight; Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore tell?
Watchman, will its beams a home Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy warning voice; Ille then to thy quiet home.

Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Israel.
Trav'ler, a son is its own; So! it bestrides all the earth.
Trav'ler, hail the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.
WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

1. Why stand ye here idle, When others have sped?
2. Why stand ye here idle, When called by the Lord?
3. Why stand ye here idle, When told are few?

A way to the vineyard, As Jesus has said?
How urgent the duty! How great the reward!
When gat and the harvest, O, what will ye do?

There's work that is waiting For some one to do;
There's pruning and training That have to be done,
Your hours will be crowned And empty your hands!

Then haste to perform it — Tw waiting for you!
Before the rich harvest Can break in the sun.
Then haste to the vineyard, As Jesus commanded!

CHORUS.

Why stand ye here idle? O, what can ye say?
WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?—Concluded.

Why stand ye here idle, The whole of the day?

82  LIGHT AFTER-DARKNESS.

FRANCIS R. HAYWARD.  J. H. R. DIXON.

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness,
   Crown after Cross; Sweet after bitter, Hope after Sorrow,
   Home after wandering, Praise after tears.

2. Shelter after sorrow, Sun after rain, Light after mystery,
   Peace after pain; Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast,
   Rest after labor, Sweet rest at last.  Aff're the weeping.

3. Near after distant, Glimmer after gloom, Love after loneliness,
   Life after tomb; After long agony, Rapture of bliss,
   Right was the path-way, Leading to this.

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GATHERING HOME.

MISS MARIANA B. SLAYE.

1. Up to the housetop, O'er the hill, Gathering home! gathering home!
2. Up to the hill where fell the great light, Gathering home! gathering home!
3. Up to the housetop mansions above, Gathering home! gathering home!

By the dwelling where men call no strife, The dear ones are gathering home,
By where the Savior's exits face in the light, The dear ones are gathering home,
Safe in the arms of his in-sible love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHÖRUS

Gathering home! gathering home!
Gathering home! gathering home! Never to
Gathering home! gathering home! Never to
Gathering home! gathering home! Never to
Gathering home! gathering home! gathering home! God's children are gathering home!
Gathering home! gathering home! gathering home! God's children are gathering home!
Gathering home! gathering home! gathering home! God's children are gathering home!

By per. The M. M. McLellan Co., owners of the Chorale.
SOME SWEET DAY.

P. E. B.
Trumpet.

F. E. Balyou, by pers.

1. We shall meet beyond the skies, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. There will be no vocal choir, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
3. Winter's frost or summer's heat, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
4. Man's sin, cross, and bury of gold, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Some no more In tear-dim'd eyes, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Nor a mourning circle there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Make no harvest incomplete, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Songs that never shall grow old, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

REFRAIN.

We shall charm our own again, Free from sorrow, sin, and pain.
Death shall hear its echo of home, Christ shall burn the sealed tomb.
Even blooms in every where, Faceless flowers perfume the air.
Joy shall bid fare well to care, Praise shall sing no more with fray's.

We shall wish no more in vain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Dust shall wake in beauty's bloom, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Christ himself the sun light fair, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Love shall lead us o er there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

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91
TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

Mrs. M. E. C. Slave

1. Where the Jasper walls are beamimg, Where the pearly portals are glowing;
   Where the golden streets are gleaming, Where the crystal waters are flowing;

2. Open are the shining portals, Shut by night or day are they never closing;
   With the gates of joy unsealed, Will you dwell within them forever?

3. In that many mansed dwelling, Jesus, one for you is preparing;
   Gather round the throne of blessing, Glory from the Lord freely given.

4. There shall be no day of climing, The sun nor moon shall light the heavens;
   Down beside that wondrous river, Where the trees of healing grow.

Chorus:

We shall meet and live forever, To that City will you go?
HE LEADETH ME.

1. He lead-eth me! O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly comfort
2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where Erién's bowers
3. Lord, I would place my hand in thine, Nor ev'-er mistress cost me
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's

What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
By water still I've ever trusted me, Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
Content whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
Even death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God the'res Jordan leadeth me!

CHORUS.

He leadeth me, leadeth me, He leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me.

By per. The E. M. McGowen Co., owners of the Copyright.

G8
NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

Words arr. R. M. McIlvain, Mrs. Doc.

1. Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the gateway, Where voice on whisper and wait;
3. They catch the strains of the song, That floats so sweetly along;
4. They're in the dark and the danger; They're in the night and the cold.

REFRAIN.

Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet lingering still at the gate;

Copyright, 1900, by The R. M. McIlvain Co.
HE AROSE.

1. Low-ly entombed he lay, My bless-ed Saviour; Wait-ing the
2. Vain-ly they watchéd, now, My bless-ed Saviour; Sure-ly he'll
3. Bursting the seal, he rose; My bless-ed Saviour; Seat-ting his

Chorus, joyful.

promised day, My precious Lord, Up from the tomb he a-rose!
keep his vow, My precious Lord, he a-rose!
arm-ed foes, My precious Lord,

And in tri-umph, vanquished all his foes, He a-rose.

victor over the realms of night; And his reign for-ev-er with his saints in light,

He a-rose, he a-rose, Victor a-rose all his foes.
HE WILL MENTION THEM NO MORE.

F. E. Belden.

1. He will mention them no more forever, They are all taken away; He the brazen bands of sin did sever, They are all taken away.
2. Long I tried my soul to cherish; They are all taken away; When my borders that they must perish, They were all taken away.
3. On the bottom of the sea they're lying, They are all taken away; Now I worship Him my self-saying, They are all taken away.
4. Once the "carnal mind" was all my pleasure, It is all taken away; Now the word of God is my chief treasure, Love's delight is to obey.
5. Doubt can never stay where Faith is knowing, "They are all taken away." Praise the Lord! His happy rest from clinging, Troubled soul, try branch thy head.

CHORUS

They are all taken away, They are all taken away; He will mention them no more forever, Praise the Lord! His happy rest from clinging, Troubled soul, try branch thy head.

They are all taken away, They are all taken away; I am
He Will Mention Them No More.—Concluded.

resting in the great Peace-giver, My sins are all taken away.

90
UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.


1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Whose shall their greatness be clear?
3. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Freely, how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who would not gladly endure

Riches ex. barless of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jewels whose inestimable value may not be described. Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Making the souls of the faithful and true, Happy wherever they go.
Trials, affliction, and crosses on earth, Rich as like these to endure.

D.S.—O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

Precious, more precious,—Wealth that can never be told;

97
REALMS OF THE BLEST.

ELIZABETH MILLS

ATT. FROM WOODBURY, BY H. R. CHRISTIE

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls decked with jewels rare,
3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care,
4. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glorified wear,

And oft see its glories unfurled; But what must it be to be there!
Of its wonders and pleasures untold; But what must it be to be there!
From trials without and within; But what must it be to be there!
The Church of the First-born above; But what must it be to be there!

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there!
To be there, to be there,

To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there,
To be there, to be there,
1. O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above;
2. When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin,
3. But now I am a soldier; My Captain's gone before;
4. And if I hold out faithful, A crown of life he'll give;
5. Thru' grace I am determined To conquer, though I die;

And drink the flowing fountain, Of everlasting love;
And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in;
He's given me my orders, And bid me notgive o'er;
And all his valiant soldiers Shall ever with him live.
And then a way to Jesus On wings of love I'll fly.

REFRAIN.

Christ is all the world to me, And his glory I shall see;

And before I'd leave my Saviour, I'd lay me down and die.

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THE PLACE PREPARED.

Mrs. M. R. C. Slade.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful place, for you and for me, We home-less shall
2. And I need not look off, to find the dear place, O'er Jeru-sa-lem's dark
3. I shall en-ter his house, and find him I knew, In do-ing the

be, nev-er-more; For a man-sion pre-pared by Je-sus I see, And
will-ing a-way; For he call-eth me night, and shows me his face, And
will of his word, In my heav-en-ly home be-gun here be-low, I'll

REFRAIN.

he is the Way and the Deen, Beau-ti-ful home!
his me be wel-come to-day, dwell ev-er-more with my Lord.
bean-ti-ful home!

bean-ti-ful home!
Sing-ing His sto-ry I tell, O,
bean-ti-ful home!

en-ters, no soul, no longer to roam, For ev-er with Je-sus to dwell.

By per. The H. H. Milman Co., owners of the copyright.
OVER THE BORDER LAND

J. H. A.

1. A home, on high, is waiting for me, Just over the border land,
   And there my Saviour I shall see, Just over the border land.

2. My loved ones there, will welcome me, Just over the border land,
   And with them soon, for ever I'll be, Just over the border land.

3. My Saviour there is calling me, Just over the border land,
   And by his grace will make me free, Just over the border land.

4. The smile of God will fall on me, Just over the border land,
   And bless me there eternally, Just over the border land.

CHORUS.

Just over the border land, There rolls the best of the soul,
   the border land, the home of the soul,

Where praise shall ring as the years shall roll, Just over the border land.
WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

MRS. GRACE WEBBER DAVIS. - CHAR. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am happy every day, I am happy all the way.
2. Light my feet seem in the way - Straight I keep, and pray.
3. Rejoice when I'm sad, For his promise makes me glad,
4. Such blessings of his love! Such sweet-sounds from a-bove,

Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Things may seem all right or wrong,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Then a victory is gained,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; For each word I hear a balm,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Jesus comes and walks with me;

Trusting still, I march along, Since I'm walking in the King's highway,
For I find the boons chased, Since I'm walking in the King's highway,
In the light I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's highway,
More in him each day I see, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.

Chorus,

Walking in the King's highway! I am walking in the high-way!

King's highway! I am happy in the Lord, I am
WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.—Concluded.

trusting in his word, since I'm walking in the King's high-way.

EVER NEAR.

WM. H. GARDNER.  

1. When the way is bright with sunshine, When the clouds of darkness come,

2. When the way is sad and lone-ly, And the eyes with tears are dim,

3. Though the future seems un-cer-tain, And the clouds oft-times appear,

4. When the wanderer turns his back and From the paths of sin he stray.

John R. Bryant.

One there is who's ev-er near you, Je-sus Christ, the Ho-ly One!  

Turn, O' mour-ner, in your sorrow, Turn and tell your grief to him.

Let this prom-ise be your com-fort, Je-sus Christ is ev-er near.  

If he cries, "O help me, Mas-ter!" He will find him ev-er near.

REMEMBER.

In the sun-shine, in the shad-ow, With a word of com-fort dear.

Ev-er wait-ing there to help you, Christ, the Lord, is ev-er near.

Copyright, 1885, by The N. W. Kellogg Co.
TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. DORSEY.  D. E. DORSEY, by per.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saint's bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "Ten
2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Jesus pro - ceeds to the
4. Some one will run with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and his people pa -
5. Some one will go in to dark - ness drear, Far off from the fair land and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail - ings as

can - not come." With me - lowness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
has - py thing With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
world, "de - part!" With grief - ings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
cept the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
tongue can tell With hor - roc' he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,

REFRAIN.

Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate, TURNED A-WAY FROM THE BEAU - TIFUL

Turned a-way from the beau - ti - ful gate, TURNED A-WAY FROM THE BEAU - TIFUL

gate, TURNED A-WAY FROM THE BEAU - TIFUL gate, TURNED A-WAY FROM THE BEAU - TIFUL gate,

Written by D. E. Dorsey.

104
TELL IT AGAIN.

Mrs. M. E. Slayde.

R. M. McIvorson.

1. In the tent where a weary boy lay, Dying alone at the
close of the day. News of sal-

2. "Did he so love me, a poor little boy? Send un-
tidings of joy? Need I not per-

3. "Is this the last word of his breath? Just as he entered the
valley of death, "God sent his Son!" "Whosoever they said be;
me he was sent!" Whispered, while how mock the sons in the west,

4. "Tell it again!"

Tell it again! Salvation's stor-
y of the children of men. "No-

By par. W. H. Mcfarland Co., owners of the copyright.
WHERE THE LIVING WATERS FLOW.

Words by: EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

1. Best to the weary soul, And aching breast is given, Down where the
   Living waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Let the broken heart
   Down where the Living waters flow, Those in the mercy tree, That Christ the
   Down where the Living waters flow; Rejoice! the Lamb attaineth A-bove! be restored King
   Down where the Living waters flow; Triumphant through his grace, Make perfect by his love,

2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These priceless joys were bought, Down where the
   Living waters flow, Those in the mercy tree, That Christ the
   Down where the Living waters flow; Rejoice! the Lamb attaineth A-bove! be restored King
   Down where the Living waters flow; Triumphant through his grace, Make perfect by his love,

3. Come, with the ransom'd train, The Saviour's praises sing, Down where the
   Living waters flow, Those in the mercy tree, That Christ the
   Down where the Living waters flow; Rejoice! the Lamb attaineth A-bove! be restored King
   Down where the Living waters flow; Triumphant through his grace, Make perfect by his love,

4. And soon, before his face, We'll praise in light a-bove, Down where the
   Living waters flow, Those in the mercy tree, That Christ the
   Down where the Living waters flow; Rejoice! the Lamb attaineth A-bove! be restored King
   Down where the Living waters flow; Triumphant through his grace, Make perfect by his love,

Refrain:

Down where the Living waters flow, Down where the Living waters flow, Down where the Living waters flow,

Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm living in the light, for

Jesus and the right, Down where the Living waters flow, Down where the Living waters flow, Down where the Living waters flow.
1. Why longs my soul in-house-ly to be there, With-in you.
2. Of-ten I yearn to know a world of sin, And at you.
3. All my soul loves is treas-ured o-ver there; All my de-

man-shine beau-ti-ful and fair? Why longs my heart still
por-tate, gold-en, en-ter lay; Of-ten I sigh to
sire are for the home so fair; And at life's close now

up-ward to the home Where sin and sor-row nev-er more can come?
leave the pain and woe, Un-to my Sav-iour nev-er more to go,
glad-ly I'll set sent Up to the courts where pleasures nev-er end.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus is there, Je-sus is there, And I would neath him,

And I would greet him o-ver there, o-ver there; Toss, o-ver there.
WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

Priscilla J. Owens.
W. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds ex-
2. It is sure and steady, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will surely hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters
5. When our eyes behold throu' the gathering night, The city of

fold with their wings of steel? When the storm-tides lift and the en-
cred by the Saviour's hand, And the en-
told the sea is near. Tho' the tempest raves and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our last retreat, On the rising tide it can never fall,
gold, our harbor bright, We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shores,

REFRAIN.

Will your anchor drift or firm remain, Can the sea fly the blast, the storm divide us.
Not the angry wave shall our bark overflow. We have an anchor fast

keeps the soul, Stead-fast and sure while the billows roll. Fastened to the
WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—Concluded.

Rock which can not move,Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

HARP. C. M.

1. A- maz-ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Then was my heart's desire, and joy, I have al-read-y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me. His word my hope re-views;
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

Once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see,
How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first be-lieved!
The grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my soul and per-son be, As long as life en-dures,
I shall pos-sess within the veil, A life of joy and peace.

Once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see,
The hour I first be-lieved! The hour I first be-lieved!
And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home.
As long as life en-dures, As long as life en-dures,
A life of joy and peace, A life of joy and peace.

By per. The N. Y. Hymnbook Co., owners of the Copyright.
1. Would you stand a-mong the laborers, When the harvest all is in?
2. Would you join the song of gladness, When the harvest all is in?
3. Would you give some harvest o'er, When the harvest all is in?
4. Would you have a crown eternal, When the harvest all is in?

For the Merciful Lord and Master, You must here the work begin;
You must be a faithful gleaner In the haunts of woe and sin;
From the toils of want and folly, strive the good.logical to win,
Seek to swell the heavenly garland, lest it be too late to reign.

Chorus

When the harvest all is in, When the harvest all is in,

What a meeting of the reapers, What a

shouting of hosannas, When the harvest all is in.

By per. The B. H. Feltsch Co., owners of the song.
WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR.

Mrs. Loula K. Rodgers. R. M. McIntosh.

1. No one can tell when the day-sun shall rise, When - er in day, or in night's sad sun-gloam; But - this we know, and it brings the swanneer, thirsty who seek joy at the Fountain that flows ev - er clear; glory of heav'n: Life's hea - y bur - den I'll cheer - ful - ly bear;

2. O, blest - ed hope, that hath lib'd the weak, And thrilled with sug - na - the promise is giv'n! That I may abide in the

3. Even so me this sure promise is giv'n! That I may abide in the promise ful - il, Ev - er be read - ly his sin - nome to hear:

4. O, let us strive, then, to work with a will, Soon he will come and his

Refrain.

"We shall be like him," "when he shall ap - pear," "We shall be like him," "when he shall ap - pear." When he shall ap - pear, when he shall ap - pear, We shall be like him, "when he shall ap - pear." When he shall ap - pear, when he shall ap - pear!

By per. of The B. M. Holbrook Co., owners of the Copyright.

111
HOLY NIGHT!

Arr. by R. M. Mclerron.

1. Holy night! peaceful night! All in dark.

2. Holy night! peaceful night! Only for

3. Holy night! peaceful night! Child of heav'n!

save the light. You - der where they sweet vig - il keep
shop - hand's sight. Come blot ven - tures of an - gel through,

oh, how bright Their did - est smile on us when they went born!

Over the Babe who, in si - lent sleep, Rests in heav - en - ly
With their loud hal - le - lu - Yah songs, Say - ing, Je - sus is

silent in - deed, was that hap - py more: Full of heav - en - ly

peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.

verse, Say - ing, Je - sus is

joy, Full of heav - en - ly joy.
THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAYWARD.

The half has never been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never been told,
The blood—it cleaseth us.

1. I know I love thee better, Lord, Than any earthly joy.
2. I know that thou art nearer still Than any earthly thing.
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad.
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour mine! What will thy presence be

For thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.
And sweeter far the thought of thee Than any lovely song.
Without the secret of thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy exalts me Our walk on earth with thee?

CHOIR.

The half has never been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never been told,
The blood—it cleaseth us.

113
1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to
follow our Saviour and King; Steering our lives by his
example, Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring,
strong to defend us, Happy, how happy, our praises each day.

2. Walking in footsteps of gentleness, Footsteps of
grace freely promised, Happy, how happy, our journey a-bove,
King in his beauty, "Happy, how happy, our place at his side,
Creatus.

3. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to
soon as leading, When we are
walking in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still

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STEPPING IN THE LIGHT. — Concluded.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied;
2. He leads me to the place Where balm only pasture grows,
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim,
4. While he assists his aid, I cannot yield to fear;

SCHUMANN. S. M.

Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I
Where loving waters gently flow, And full sal-
And guides me in his own right way, For his most
Thee I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's

want beside. What can I want beside?
vation flowed. And full salvation flowed.
ly name. For his most holy name.
with me there. My Shepherd's with me there.

By per. The A. M. McIlhoun Co., owners of the copyright.
1. The mistakes of my life have been many, But the
   sins of my heart have been worse; And I scarcely can see
   for my weeping, But I'll knock at the open door,
   more and more (more and more.) But Jesus in- vites me to come

2. I am lowest of those who would love him; I am
   weakest of those who would pray; But I come to him as
   he has bid; And I know he'll not say no to me.
   I know I am sin-ful and un- worthy, And now I feel it
   more and more (more and more.) But Jesus in- vites me to come

3. My mistakes his free grace now will cover, And my
   sins he will wash all away; And the feet that now stum-ple
   I know I am sinful and unworthy, And now I feel it
   more and more (more and more.) But Jesus in- vites me to come

4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my
   sins of my heart have been worse; And I scarcely can see
   for my weeping, But I'll knock at the open door,
   more and more (more and more.) But Jesus in- vites me to come

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110
THE OPEN DOOR.—Concluded.

in, come in; I will enter the open door.

110

TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thee help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. If thee hast work for me to do, In spite my will, my heart renew,
4. And when at last the work is done, The battle o'er, the victory won,

Fine

O, bring thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am.
And there must make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am.
And work both in and by me, too. But take me as I am.
Still, still my cry shall be alone, O, take me as I am.

D.S.—O, bring thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am... Take me as I am...
Take me, take me, as I am, Take me, take me as I am...
PRESSING ON.


1. We are pressing onward for the promised prize, For the crown of glory far beyond the skies; Jesus will bestow it, when our tasks are done.

2. Quick-en every footstep, brighten ev'ry eye; Though the path be thorny, it ascends on high; With our faith unflagging, and our dangers passed, Free from sin and sorrow, we shall rest at last.

3. Onward, ye who serve him, hear his loving voice; Through your hearts new tasks are done, When the battle's o'er, and the victory won, hope all bright. Forward we are pressing to the land of light, Saviour-King. We shall stand together, and his praise on high. Till we rest from labor, in our dwelling place.

Copyright, 1880, by The B. H. McCallum Co.
1. Thy last hope, O sinner, by Satan enslaved,
2. Why linger, continue His Spirit to grieve?
3. Then come to the Saviour Who lovingly calls,

To accept the Redeemer—Believe and be saved.
Ere the hand of his justice In punishment falls;

If this been rejected, No refuge is nigh,
That Spirit resisted Will take his sad Right,

But thy spirit immortal Must languish and die!
And leave thee to suffer Eternity's night!

And a coro net fade-less Thy brow shall entwine!
1. Precious, forever! O, wonderful words, Teach me the
path-way of duty; Lead me beside the still waters of life,
2. Precious forever, their promises to all, "Come un-to
me who so-ever," Scorers appear'd with a burden of woe;
3. Wouldst thou refuse the sweet sal-ace he gives, In the mid-
night of thy sor-row? Wouldst thou go on in the darkness of sin,

REFRAIN.

Flow-ing through val-leys of beauty,
Drink of the beau-ti-ful riv-er,
Pre-cious for-ever to
Long-ing for no bright to-mor-row,
you and to me, Words that our Saviour has spok-en, Bearing sal-
av-ation far o-ver the sea, Hea-ling the hearts that are break-en!

By per. The H. M. McLoud Co., owners of the Copyright.
114 HAYGOOD. C. M. (With Chorus.)


1. O pa-ra-dise! O pa-ra-dise! Who doth not crave for real?
2. O pa-ra-dise! O pa-ra-dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O pa-ra-dise! O pa-ra-dise! 'Tis weary wait-ing here;
4. O pa-ra-dise! O pa-ra-dise! I want to see no more.

Who would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev-er cold?
I long to be where Je-sus is, To feel, to see him near.
I want to be as pure on earth As on thy speak-less shore.

5. O pa-ra-dise! O pa-ra-dise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepar'd for me.

6. Lord Jesus, King of pa-ra-dise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that hap-py land
Of perfect rest above.

Copyright, 1893, by The H. M. McFarland Co.
I'LL GO.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLAKE. 

1. I've strayed till late, the night is falling, I long again to find my home; A voice I hear, so kindly calling; "My weary way; A far I hear the tuneful sound arise, That once was free, My Father's home is surely keep-ing, The wandering child, come home! come home!" I'll go, I'll go!

REFRAIN.

In his peace- ful pastures play; The dread of Life, enough for me, I'll go, I'll go!

With my tears of sore-ness swell-ing, All my sin and weak-ness tell-ing, To my Father's far-off dwelling, I'll go, I'll go!

By per. The B. M. Mcintosh Co., owners of the copyright.
1. There is something at all times for children to do, As they
2. There are lessons to learn of the wisdom of God, That are
3. There are sweet songs of love for the little ones here, To the
4. Then assist us, dear Saviour, our mission to fill, As we:

... (music notation)

march in the Sun-day school band; The har-vest is great and where-
tought by the Lil-ses that grow; So we'll walk in the path the E-
poor and the need-y we know; If it be but to au-tor a
come un-to thee for our strength: And when we have fin-ished thine

D. S.-As we jour-ney a long it shall

... (music notation)

ex-er we go There's em-ploy-ment for each Lit-
see-er has trod, While he bar-gufd with man here be-
word of good cheer, That may con-fort some heart in its wea-
own right-ous will, Re-
be our glad sing, There's something for child-ren to do.

CHOSES.

There's something to do, there's something to do, There's something for children to do.
117 STORY OF THE CROSS.

1. O, the gospel story tell Of the cross (of the cross) Let the
   exu - de rise and swell Of the cross (of the cross) Sing the
   Sav - iour's pain and shame Of the cross (of the cross) For his
   mer - cy, grace and peace, Of the cross (of the cross) For its

2. Let us protest the holy name Of the cross (of the cross) And the
   Pint of blood did freely flow, Till the
   name must be our plea, For sal - va - tion, tall and free, And in
   glo - ry guides the way, And its path is - mor - tal ray, And we'll
   D.S. - blood did freely flow, Till the

world shall gladly know Of the cross! Of the cross, . . . of the
death our hope must be Of the cross' Of the cross on which the
world shall gladly know Of the cross!

cross!

D.S.

B. H. - Saviour's grief and were, How his

bless - ed Sav - iour died,
1. We shall reach the river side, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
2. We shall pass inside the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
3. We shall meet our Lord and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

We shall cross the stormy tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plenty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gathering round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

We shall press the sweets of gold, While before our eyes unroll;
We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glory to the Lamb that's come.
Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapture every sphere.

Heaven's spacious shows, yet untold, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
A chain, Christ washes but lives again, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Where, O the bliss of ever here! Some sweet day, some sweet day.
1. After the show 'r's the tranquil sun; Silver stars when day is done.

2. After the knell, the wed-ling bell; Feelings of joy from sad farewells.

After the snow, the em-er-old tarn; After the hue-vest, gold-en shawm.
After the bud, the ra-di-ant row; After our weeping, sweet re-pose.

After the lights, the vi-o-let sky; Qui- et woods when winds go by.
After the bur-den, bliss-ful meal; After the fur-row, wak-ing seed.
AFTER.—Concluded.

After the tempest, tall of waves; After the battle, peaceful green.
After the flight, the down-y nest; Over the shadowy river, nest.

LOVE EACH OTHER.

After the tempest, tall of waves; After the battle, peaceful green.
After the flight, the down-y nest; Over the shadowy river, nest.

1. Love and kindness we may measure; By this simple rule alone.
   Do we try to find our neighbor's pleasure Just as if it were our own?
   When the poor are un-be-friended, If we will not pity lend.
   Christ accounts himself e-n-d- ed, Who is ev'ry creature's friend.

2. We should al-ways care for oth- ers, Nor suppose ourselves the best.
   When a self-bis thought would sin us, And our re-na- tion break.

   Let us love like friend and brothers,—Twas the Saviour's last re-quest.
   Let us then re-mem-ber Je-sus, And re-sist it for his sake.
BECKONING HANDS.

Rev. C. C. Luderer.

1. Beck-on-ing hands at the gate-way to-night, For me all
2. Beck-on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac-rif-iced
3. Beck-on-ing hands of a lit-ter one, see! Ba-by roses
4. Beck-on-ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watch-ing and
5. Bright-est and best of that glo-ri-ous throng, Ce-n-ter of

shin-ing with ra-di-ant light; Eyes look-ing down from you
His de-vot-ed he prove; Hands of a fa-ther to
call-ing, O moth-er, for thee; His ey-e-brow'd dar-ling, the
wait-ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth-er, a
all and the them of their song, Je-sus our Sav-iour, the

heav-en-ly home, Beau-ti-ful hands, they are beck-on-ing "come," 
mem-o-ry dear, Beck-on my high-er the wait-ing ones here,
light of the home, Ta-ken so ear-ly, is beck-on-ing "come,"
no-ter, a friend, Out from the gate-way to-night they ex-tend,
plac-ed One stands. Lov-ing-ly call-ing with beck-on-ing hands.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful hands, Beck-on-ing
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beck-on-ing hands, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful

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BECKONING HANDS.—Concluded.

hands, ... Call-ing the dear ones to heav-en-ly lands:
beck-on-ing hands,

Beau-ti-ful hands, ... Beck-on-ing
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beck-on-ing hands, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful

hands, ... Call-ing the dear ones to heav-en-ly lands:
beck-on-ing hands,
1. There's a bright and Golden Light, That is shining on our way.
2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the darkness of my sin.
3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, Over the rugged paths of life.
4. If we trust the Saviour's voice, And obey his blissful command.

And it cometh from above; 'Tis the precious light of truth,
To the glorious light of day; 'Tis the light that fills my soul,
Up the weary hills of time; 'Tis the troubles and the care,
He will guide us home above; There the Golden Light will shine.

D.S. — And brighten up the way.

That will lead to endless day; 'Tis the light of a Saviour's love,
And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall never stray.
'Tis the conflict and the strife, This light shall be ever mine.
Ever in that happy land; It will be his own precious love.

That will lead to endless day, With the light of a Saviour's love.

D.S.

Golden Light, shine on.
Shine on us from above,

Golden light, shine on, shine on, shine on.
1. Sing-ing for Je-sus, our Saviour and King; Sing-ing for
Je-sus the Lord whom we love; All ad-o-ra-tion we
love him and join in, the song; Call-ing the won-der and
joy-ous ly bring, Long-ing to praise as they praise him a-bove,
wor-ship in, Bel-ling the cho-rus of glad-ness a-long.
praise that he died; Sing-ing for bless-ing and joy that he lives.
brilliant, ex-tem-ple, Sing-ing for Je-sus for ev-er a-bove.

2. Sing-ing for Je-sus, and try-ing to win Mu-ny to
Je-sus, our Shep-herd and Guide; Sing-ing for
Je-sus; the Lord whom we love; All ad-o-ra-tion we
love him and join in, the song; Call-ing the won-der and
joy-ous ly bring, Long-ing to praise as they praise him a-bove,
wor-ship in, Bel-ling the cho-rus of glad-ness a-long.
praise that he died; Sing-ing for bless-ing and joy that he lives.
brilliant, ex-tem-ple, Sing-ing for Je-sus for ev-er a-bove.

3. Sing-ing for Je-sus, O sing-ing with joy; Thus will we
Je-sus; the Lord whom we love; All ad-o-ra-tion we
love him and join in, the song; Call-ing the won-der and
joy-ous ly bring, Long-ing to praise as they praise him a-bove,
wor-ship in, Bel-ling the cho-rus of glad-ness a-long.
praise that he died; Sing-ing for bless-ing and joy that he lives.
brilliant, ex-tem-ple, Sing-ing for Je-sus for ev-er a-bove.

4. Sing-ing for Je-sus, O sing-ing with joy; Thus will we
Je-sus; the Lord whom we love; All ad-o-ra-tion we
love him and join in, the song; Call-ing the won-der and
joy-ous ly bring, Long-ing to praise as they praise him a-bove,
wor-ship in, Bel-ling the cho-rus of glad-ness a-long.
praise that he died; Sing-ing for bless-ing and joy that he lives.
brilliant, ex-tem-ple, Sing-ing for Je-sus for ev-er a-bove.
1. When I was far away from God, And all was dark to me,
2. Yet still I wandered on in sin, Still world-ly pleasures sought,
3. But, in my hopeless case, that voice Was speaking love o'ert'em then,
4. And now that I this new birth have, And God lives in my soul,

I heard a voice from heaven say, "The Saviour calls for thee." Untold had I heard God's call,--I had my ruin wrought. "If thou wouldest be saved and sani, thou must be born again." I pray you, sinner, turn to Christ, That he may make you whole.

*Chorus*

He's calling for thee, O, sinner, o-hey; He's pleading for thee, O, sinner, o-hey;

Saviour still pleads, He's pleading to-day; O,
The Saviour still pleads, He's pleading to-day;

Hear His sweet voice, and turn not away, For
O, hear His sweet voice, and turn not a-way,

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HEAR THE SAVIOUR CALLING.—Concluded.

126 COME TO THE SAVIOUR TO-DAY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; Come to the Saviour to-day;
   Let every soul be Jesus' guest; Come to the Saviour to-day;
2. Ye need not one be left behind; Come to the Saviour to-day;
   For God hath bid all man-kind; Come to the Saviour to-day;

3. Come to the Saviour, don't delay;
   Come to the Saviour, come to-day;

4. For you he shed his precious blood, Come to the Saviour to-day.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
   The invitation is to all.
4 Come all the world I come, sinner, thou
   All things in Christ are ready now.
5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
   Ye restless wanderers after rest.

6 To poor, and matchless, and halfe and blind
   In Christ a hearty welcome find.
7 My message as from God receive;
   Ye all may come to Christ and live.
8 O let his love your hearts constrain,
   Nor suffer him to die in vain.

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1. Shall we all meet there, in that land of light, Our teachers and
2. Shall we all meet there, our own dear Lord, A round the great
3. Shall we all meet there, we are marching on,— And swell the

shall we all meet there, in that
thrones in that spirit land? Shall we all meet there, in that
ranks of that great white throng? Shall we all meet there at the

land a-be, And sing with the ang els their songs of love?
bitter home, Where partings and sorrows, and tears never come?
last great day, To march with the ransomed in bright array?

Shall we all meet there on that ever-green shore,
Shall we all meet there, where the gate is a jar,
Shall we all meet there, or will there be some
SHALL WE ALL MEET THERE? Concluded.

With all the dear loved ones who've gone before? Shall we all meet
And Jesus is beckoning us from a far? Shall we all meet
For whom we shall watch, but who we'nr will come? Shall we all meet

there? by the Saviour's side, forever to dwell with the sanctified?
there? shall the angel bear The news that our Sunday-school is all there?
there? O, it is our pray's That Jesus will help all to meet up there?

Chorus:

Shall we all meet there, Shall we all meet there,
Shall we all meet there, meet there, meet there, Shall we all meet there, meet there,

Shall we all meet there, And dwell in that beautiful land so fair?
Shall we all meet there, meet there?
131 LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.

R. M. McElroy, by perm.

Let ev'ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho-ral anthems rise;
To roy and men and chil-dren bring To God your sac-rif-ice.

For he is good, the Lord is good, the Lord is good and kind are all his ways,

Lord is good, the Lord is good, the Lord is good and

kind are all his ways. With songs and hon-o-rous sound-ing loud,

With songs, with songs and hon-o-rous sound-ing loud,

With songs and hon-o-rous sound-ing loud,

The Lord Je-ho-vah praise, The Lord Je-ho-vah praise,

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LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.—Concluded.

praise; While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A

glorious anthem raise; While the vales and the hills, A
glorious anthem raise. Let each pro-

long the grateful song. And the God of our fathers praise, While the

rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A

* In this passage the wood parts should not be played, but only the symphony. At the second time (i) the instruments should be preceded on the wood parts.
1. Live for something; be not idle, Look about thee for employ;  
2. Folded hands are ever woe-ful, Selfish hearts are ever gay;  
3. Scatter blessings in your pathway, gentle words and cheerful smiles

---

Refrain.

Go, then, work in my vineyard; Go, then, work in my vineyard;  
Go, then, work in my vineyard; There's work enough for all;  

---

Geo. A. Minor.
1. When I can read my ti-ke clear, To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fer-y darts be hurled,
3. Let care, like a wild del-tage, come, And storm-clouds cross the skies.
4. There shall I bathe my wea-ty soul In seas of heav'nly rest.

I bid fare- well to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heart, my all.
And not a wave of trou-ble roll A cross my peace-ful breast.

And wipe my weeping eyes,
And face a frowning world,
My God, my heart, my all,
A cross my peace-ful breast,

I bid fare- well to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heart, my all.
And not a wave of trou-ble roll A cross my peace-ful breast.
SAVIOUR GUIDE ME.

R. M. McInnes.

1. Guide me, O my blessed Saviour, Guide me o'er life's troubled sea;
2. Guard me, O my blessed Saviour, Guard and guide me ev'ry day;
3. Save me, O my blessed Saviour, Save me from temptation's pow'r;
4. When the work of life is ended, All their bust on earth for me,

Saviour's waves shall not o'erwhelm me While I put my trust in thee.
Keep me safe from sin and sorrow, Guard and guide me all the way.
When the pains of death are on me, Saviour, save me in that hour.
Take me, O my blessed Saviour, Take me home to dwell with thee.

Refrain.

Guide me, O my Saviour, Guide me day by day.

When the storms of life sweep o'er me, Saviour, guide me then, I pray.

By pat. Barlow & Smith, London. Published Under R. M. Church, Scots.
LET HIM COME IN.

C. W. Ray.

1. To thy barred and bolted door, Gently as a weeping dove,
    Jesus comes as oft before, Pleading in his tender love.
Why refuse and grieve him more; Quickly rise and let him in,
Thou shalt taste "The Living Bread," And be blest forevermore.
Why refuse his mercy till He a-grieved shall turn away?

2. Hasten o'er wide the door, Banish ev'ry thought of sin;
    He a royal feast will spread, He will bring a bread beneath.
He is knocking, waiting still; Why in madness yet delays?

3. He a royal feast will spread, He will bring a bread beneath;
    Why in madness yet delays?
Why refuse and grieve him more; Quickly rise and let him in,
Thou shalt taste "The Living Bread," And be blest forevermore.
Why refuse his mercy till He a-grieved shall turn away?

REFRAIN.

Let him in; Let him in; Stare, why not make him come?
Let him in; Let him in;

Let him in; Let him in; Last he never more may come.
Let him in; Let him in;
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the misty glooms, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray’d that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy pow’r hath been blest me, sure it still Will lead me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
I love to choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on!
O’er caser and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the garish day, and spite of fear,
And with the morn these angel faces smile

The distant scene; one step enough for me.
Pride ruled my will, He remember not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and left a while!

Copyright, 1864, by The H. E. Ackerman Co.
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That others may behold
   Its glowing rays perchance may bring Some wond'ry sight to the world.
   Let your light shine, let your light shine, That others may behold
   It may prove a beacon-light to some

2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams abroad;
   'Twill show the world you're not ashamed Of Christ, the Lamb of God.
   Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see
   Let your light shine, let your light shine, That others may behold

3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see
   Your works of mercy and of love, That they may join the tune.
   Let your light shine, let your light shine, That others may behold

Chorus:

Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light brighten.

Let your light shine, let your light shine... It may prove a beacon-light to some

Let your light shine, let your light shine, That others may behold

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COME, HE IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAY.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Jesus is waiting to save, Come, he is calling to-day;
2. Hear the sweet message of love, Gladly the summons be thy;
3. Cast on the Saviour thy care, Hear his glad word and obey;

Banish your doubting and fear, Linger no longer a-way,
Seek ye the kingdom a-love, Linger no longer a-way,
Trust him your burdens to bear, He is the life and the way.

REFRAIN.

Come, come, Jesus is calling to-day;
Come and come, Jesus is calling to-day;
Linger no longer a-way,
Linger no longer a-way.

Copyright, 1881, by A. J. Showalter.
1. Some day, but when I can not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid farewell;  
2. Some day, with-in the gates so fair, A golden harp my hands shall bear;  
3. Some day, I'll see my Saviour's face, And welcomed to his blest embrace,  
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the love of long ago,  

For I shall with the angels dwell, Some day, some blessed day,  
And gladdening robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.  
Shall with his people find a place, Some day, some blessed day,  
And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.  

Chorus.  
Some day, Some day,  
Some blessed day, some blessed day,  
I'll be at home with Christ to stay, Some day, some blessed day.
TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

R. E. Hunter.

1. If trial and sorrow should come in thy way, Tell it to Jesus alone;
2. If doubt should come in, with temptation to sin, Tell it to Jesus alone;
3. His love will not leave thee, whatever may come, Tell it to Jesus alone.

Jesus alone; Rejoice in the Lord, Forget not to pray.
Jesus alone; Still keep in the way, His word be thy stay.
Jesus alone; When life's work shall end life's stay, "Child, well done."

Coda.

Tell it to Jesus alone. Tell it to Jesus.

Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus alone, For he is your friend.

His love has no end. Tell it to Jesus alone.
GALILEE.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D.D.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. A gracious form, Amidst the storms, Once walk'd the
   wild tumultuous sea; When stilleth with dread, All hope had
   bold on every heart; The tempests rage, He doth en-
   Gali-leo! When fear my trembling soul invade, What
   words of cheer I seem to hear; "Lo! it is I, be not afraid!"

2. When hewn rose, And far from shore Thy fainting
   heart is sore dismayed; If o'er the wave, Thy soul to
   save The Savour come, be not afraid.} O Gali-leo, sweet
   gape, To bring each trusting soul to land.}
1. There's a great day coming, a great day coming, There's a
2. There's a bright day coming, a bright day coming, There's a
3. There's a sad day coming, a sad day coming, There's a

great day coming by and by, When the saints shall be
bright day coming by and by, But its brightness only come to
sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, the

part ed right and left: Are you ready for that day to come?
those who love the Lord: Are you ready for that day to come?
part. I know ye not: Are you ready for that day to come?

Cumann.

Are you ready, are you ready, Are you ready for the

judgment day? Are you ready, are you ready, For the judgment day?

I WILL TRUST IN MY SAVIOUR.

MRS. LOBEA K. ROGERS.  H. M. MCTYRSTE.

1. The shadowy path o'er my pathway here, And as we come with joy our ray,
   In the tempest when the winds around me roll, And the thunders my heart afright,
   When the cloudings blight of death is on my brow, And the earth pass-es from my view,

2. In the darkness not an evil will I fear, For my Saviour is leading the way,
   Sweetly comes a loving whisper to my soul, Then the world is all beauty and light,
   Simply trusting in my Saviour then and now, He will lead me in paths ev-er new.

REFRAIN.

I will trust in my Saviour, I will trust in my Saviour, I will trust in my Saviour al-way;
He will lead me thro' the night, By his ever shining light, I will trust in my Saviour ev-er.

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ONE WHISPER, O FATHER!

1. Our Father in heaven, we humbly would pray, For those who have been
2. O Father, one whisper of thine from above, Shall vanquish all
3. One whisper, O Father! the grace to receive chill, Unhindered, O who

Our knees are weeping to-day, They sit in the doubts of thy goodness and love; One whisper shall can be resigned to thy will? Yet infinite

shadow of death and the grave, But thou art Almighty to turn their sad night into day, And drive from their skins the dark wise, they can make no mistake, The kind are parted and

comfort and save; One whisper from thee, it shall banish their fears, storm-clouds a-way; One whisper, with sunshine shall light up the gloom, heart-strings may break, The deepest, the purest, in love to us give's.
ONE WHISPER, O FATHER!—Concluded.

And prove a sweet balm for their sorrows and tears.
And gild with its splendor the way to the tomb.
Shall wait for our welcome and crownings in heaven.

145 THEY WAIT FOR US THERE.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.  FRANK VOOR.

1. Tears! tears, bitter tears may fall, Death may our hearts appall;
2. Death! death seems a cruel lie, Filling the world with war;
3. Trust! trust to the Saviour's love, Soon we shall meet a love;

Yet 'tis the door To realms of endless rest, Where kindred
Dark is the tomb. But kindred dust shall rise; Light from the
Do not despair; Our loved ones surely wait, Close by the

spirits' bliss; Wait evermore; Wait evermore,
pleading skies Break-ing the gloom! Break-ing the gloom,
pearly gate; Wait for us there; Wait for us there.

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LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,
   Gen-tly lead me all the way;
   I am safe when by thy side,
   I would in thy love abide.

2. Thou, the refuge of my soul,
   Stormy billows, when life's storm of life is past,
   I am safe when thou art nigh,
   All my hopes on thee rely.

3. Saviour, lead me, then, at last,
   When life's stormy billows have gone by,
   To the land of endless day,
   Where all tears are wiped away.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me,
In thy love abide,
Where all tears are wiped away.

Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently down the stream of life, when life's storm is past.
LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. S. P. Adams.  
LOWELL MASON, by patt.
1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all 
2. Some day my journey will be done, Earth will be 
3. Some day I say, content to wait, The opening 
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward 

 vain - ly to re - pent; Its not - o - dy and feel - ing 
lost and heaven won; And when the long rough way is 
of the jasper gate; Come soon or late, that day will 
path I may not know, But in God's hand my own I'll 

say, I'll sing it if God wills some day. 
too, I shall hold the face of God. 
be The dawn of endless rest to me. 
lay, And he will lead me home some day. 

Chorus:

Some day, some happy day to be, My voice will learn its mel-o-
Some happy day, a day to be, My voice will learn its
SOME DAY.—Concluded.

And I shall sing th'o-songs so sweet, Strewed and bea-u'ty, at Je-sus' feet.

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JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.

MRS. HOMATTH DIXON.  R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Faith, hope and ev-ery joy, Je-sus is mine, Break ev-ery ten-der tie,
2. Tempted by suc-cul-ent joy, Je-sus is mine, Earn would I ev-er stay,
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night; Je-sus is mine, Lost in this draw-ing light,
4. Farewell, suc-cul-ent joy, Je-sus is mine, Wel-come a-ter ni-ty,

Je-sus is mine.  Je-sus is mine.  Dark in the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
Je-sus is mine.  Je-sus is mine.  Pre-ten-sing things of clay, Born but for
Je-sus is mine.  Je-sus is mine.  All that my soul has tried, Left but a
Je-sus is mine.  Je-sus is mine.  Wel-come, O loved and blind, Wel-come, sweet

rest-ing place. Je-sus a-love can bless; Je-sus is mine.
one brief day. Pass from my heart a-way; Je-sus is mine.
dis-mal void.—Je-sus has set a-freely; Je-sus is mine.
scenes of rest, Wel-come my Saviour's breast; Je-sus is mine.

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CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pro - use fall;
2. Ye cha - nels deep of Is - rael's race—A re - mem - ber weak and small,
3. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - ded, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that, with you - der an - cient thong, We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all:
Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all:
Go, spread your trop - hies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all:
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all:
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all:

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all:
Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all:
Go, spread your trop - hies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all:
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all:
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all:

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1. Jesus, I love thy charming name;
   To music be my ear;
   [: Pains would I sound it out so loud!]
   That all the earth might hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
   My transport and my trust;
   [: Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,]
   And gold is sculled dust.

3. All that my ardent soul can wish,
   In thee doth richly meet;
   [: Not to my eyes is light so dear,]
   Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
   And shed its fragrance there;
   [: The noblest balm of all its wounds,]
   The cordial of its care.
CROWN HIM.

EDWARD PERKOSIT.  
K. M. MELSTROM.  
Rev. Doc.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesu's name! Let angels prostrate fall:
2. Ye cho-seen seed of Is-ra-el's race—A remnant weak and small—
3. Ye gen-tile sin-ners, ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall:
4. Let ev-ry kindred, ev-ry tribe On this ter-men-trial ball,
5. O that, with yon-der au-culb though, We at his feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy-al dia-stem, And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
To him, all maj-es-ty as-crie, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

Refrain.

And crown him, And crown him, And crown him: Lord of all,
Crown him Lord of all; Crown him Lord of all,

all; Bring forth the roy-al dia-stem, And crown him Lord of all.
1. O love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I
find my willing heart all taken up by thee? I
thirst, I faint, I die to prove the greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me,
The length, the breadth, and height, The length, the breadth, and height,
Be mine this better part, Be mine this better part!

2. Stronger his love, than death or hell; Its riches
are unsearchable; The first-born sons of light Do now were shed abroad In this poor sto-ry heart! For at the Mas-ter's feet! Be this my hap-py choice; My
love I sigh, for love I pine; This en-ly por- tion, Lord, be mine! en-ly rare, de-light, and bliss, My joy, my heart's on earth be this,

3. God eternally knows the love of God; O that it
were shed abroad In this poor sto-ry heart! For at the Mas-ter's feet! Be this my hap-py choice; My

4. O that I could forever sit With Mary
The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me,
The length, the breadth, and height, The length, the breadth, and height,
Be mine this better part, Be mine this better part!
To hear the Bridegroom's voice, To hear the Bridegroom's voice!
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;  
2. Joy to the world, the King of kings, 
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, 
4. He rules the world with truth and grace; 

Let every heart prepare him room, And hear him and nature sing, 

White Robes and rods, rocks and plains, Repeal the sounding joy, 

He comes to make his blessings flow, Far as the curse is found, 

The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love, 

And heavy and nature sing, And hear and hear and nature sing, 

Repeal the sounding joy, Repeal, repeal the sounding joy, 

Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found, 

And wonders of his love, And wonders, wonders of his love, 

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1 Mortals, awake, with angels join, 
And chant the solemn song, 
Jesus love, and gratitude combine, 
To save th' auspicious day. 

2 In heaven the seaming song began, 
And sweet seraphim fire, 
Through all the shining legions ran, 
And strong and tuned the lyre. 

3 Swift through the vast expanses flie, 
And loud the echo rolled, 
The theme, the song, the joy, was new, 
'Twas more than heaven could hold. 

4 Down, through the portals of the sky 
Th' impetuous torrent ran; 
And angels flew with eager joy 
To bear the news to man. 

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat, 
"Glory to God so high!" 
Good-will and peace are now complete: 
Jesus was born to die." 

6 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail! 
Redeemer, brother, friend! 
Though earth and time and life shall be, 
Thy praise shall never end.
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse, by perm.

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear; 
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? 
3. Are we weak and heavy Laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry 
Every thing to God in prayer, 
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. 
Precious friend, our sure refuges, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O, what peace we often forfeit, O, what needless pain we bear, 
Can we find a friend so faithful? Who will all our sorrows share? 
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not carry Every thing to God in prayer, 
Jesus knows our every weakness: Take it to the Lord in prayer. 
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.
LENOX. H.M.

Charles Wesley. Lewis Edson.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad and solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubilee is come; nations know. To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubilee is come;

2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye sorrowful souls, be glad. The year of jubilee is come; through his blood, though all the world proclaim, The year of jubilee is come;

3. Excel the Lamb of God, The all-a-ton-ing Lamb: Redemption earth appears Before yourfavou- rite's face. The year of jubilee is come; earth appears Before your favou- rite's face. The year of jubilee is come;

The year of jubilee is come, Return ye ransomed sinners, home. The year of jubilee is come, Return ye ransomed sinners, home. The year of jubilee is come, Return ye ransomed sinners, home. The year of jubilee is come, Return ye ransomed sinners, home.

158 E.M. Charles Wesley. His precious blood, to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

2. Arise, my soul, arise, blush o'er thy guilty face; The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears Before the throne my Saviour stands. My name is written on his hands. He never leaves above, For me to intercede; His all-redeeming love,

3. My God is merci-ful, His puri- fying voice I hear; He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
1. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat Where Jesus answers prayer;
2. Thy pomegranate my only plea, With this I venture nigh;
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Saviour mercifully guid;
4. Be thou my shield and hiding place, That sheltered near thy side,

There burn my feet before his feet, For none can perish there.
Then callest burdened souls to thee, And seek, O Lord, am I.
By war with evil and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest.
I may my hope ever here, And tell him thou hast died.

REFRAIN:

O, Saviour dear, I see to thee; Be thou my shield from earth's dark fell;

Thy blood alone must make me free; O hear my humble call.

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O. HOW I LOVE JESUS!

CHARLES WESLEY.

ATT. R. M. MCFRISTOFT.

1. Jesus hath died that I might live, Might live to God alone;
2. Savior, I thank thee for the grace, The gift un-speak-a-ble;
3. My soul breaks out in strong desire The perfect bliss to prove;
4. Give me thy self from ev'-ry beast, From ev'-ry wish set free;
5. Thy gifts, a last can not suf-fice, Un-less thy self be giv'n;

In his e-ter-nal life re-ceive, And be in spir-it con,
And wait with arms of faith to embrace, And all thy love to feel.
My long inged heart is all on fire To be dissolved in love.
Let all I am in thee be lost, But give thy self to me.
Thy presence makes my par-a-dise, And where thou art is here's.

REFRAIN.

O how I love Je-sus! O how I love Je-sus!

O how I love Je-sus! De-cause he first loved me.
HEBRON. L. M.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power has guided my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground.

And ev'ry evening shall make known Sons fresh memorial of his grace.
But he forgives my treacherous past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful eyes around my bed.
And wait thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet assurance then to the sound.

HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Son of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When soft the dew and kindly sleep My weary eyes - list for thy sleep,
3. A-hide with me from mourn till eve, For without thee I can not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Even though the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought - how sweet is rest For ev'-er on my Saviour's breast! A-hide with me when night is nigh, For with-part thee I dare not die.
A-hide with me still, in thy love, I lose myself in heav'n-a-born.
DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
   On which the Prince of glory died,
2. 'Tis hallowed, Lord, that I should bend, have in the death of Christ, my Lord,
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flowed mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small:

My richest Gain I cannot but own, And pour contempt on all my yeld;
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacri - fie them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thine compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. My dear Redeem - or, and my Lord, I read my duty in thy word,
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such doc - trine to thy Father's will,
3. Cold mountains, and the midnight air, Witnessed the fer - vor of thy pray - er;
4. Be then my pattern: make me bear More of thy gracious image here:

But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in living char - ac - ter.
Such love, and meekness so divine, I would trans - late, and make them mine.
The de - sert thy tem - pta - tions knew, Thy conflict, and thy vic - tory too.
Then God, the Fount, shall own my name, A -mong the fol - low - ers of the Lamb.
RETREAT. L. M.

H. Stowell.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheeds The sail of gladness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spirits meet, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
A place that all beside are sweet; It is the balm-boughs, mercy-seat.
Though numbered far, by faith they met A round one non-mor mercy-seat.

4. There, on eagle wings we soar,
   And sense and sin cease not more;
   And hearts once down our souls to grace,
   And glory crowns the mercy-seat,

5. O let my hand forget her skill,
   My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
   This bounding heart forget to beat,
   Ere I forget the mercy-seat.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Charles Wesley.

At His feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
Give me thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.
The cross, all stained with hollowed blood, The labor of thy dying love.
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour, And fill me with thy perfect peace.
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VIRGINIA. C. M.

G. T. NOEL.

1. When morning star-row weeps the past, And mourns the peaceful pain,
2. 'Tis not that mourn- ing hope a - rise, And dread a Je - sus will;
3. It is her- b-aime faith sur - vents The path that leads to light,
4. It is that hope with ar-den glows, To see him face to face,
5. O let me wing my soul to right From such - a woe and care.

K. F. EVERETT.

'Twas short to think of peace at last, And feel the death is gain.
'Tis not that mock sub - stance time, And would not suf - fer still.
And longer ca - lophymes to raise, And lose her self in sight.
Whose dy - ing love no language known For - s - cient art to trace.
And near a love without of sight, My Saviour's bliss to share!

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CRICHLLOW. L. M.

Jon. Goss.

1. Je - sus and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of thee?
2. Ashamed of Je - sus to be seen, Let evening blush to cover a star.
3. Ashamed of Je - sus? just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
4. Ashamed of Je - sus! that best Friend On whom my lips have caused the word?

R. M. McINTOSH.

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, When glo - ries shine thy name in days?
He shall be tem - ple of light di - vine Over this be - sight ed soul of mine.
'Tis mid - night with my soul, till be, Bright Morning Star, but darkness be?
No more when I blush, is this my shame, That I no more rever - e his name.
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AZMON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by L. MARX.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend his name; 
2. Je-sus, my Lord, I know his name, His name is all my trust; 
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well secure 
4. Then will he own my worthless name Before his Father's face, 

Main-tain the hon-ors of his word, The glo-ry of his cross. 
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost. 
What I've committed to his hands, Till the Je-sus re-sure. 
And in the new Je-ru-sa-lem Appoints for me a place.

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I BELIEVE. C. M.

J. R. WATSON.

Anon.

1. Lord, I believe; thy word I own; Thy word I would obey; 
2. Lord, I believe; but grieved I frown; Sometimes the devil's sight; 
3. Lord, I believe; but oft I know, My faith is cold and weak; 
4. Yes, I believe; and surely then Canst give my soul relief: 

Refr. I do believe; I do believe, That Je-sus died for me; 

1. wand with con-flict less and less, Whom from my truth I stray. 
2. Lord, to thy truth my spir-it bow; "Help thorou gh all un-be-lief." 

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.
MANOAH. C. M.

S. BICKLEY.

1. His joyous sweetness sits enthron'd, Up on the Saviour's brow;
2. No mortal can with him compare Among the sons of men;
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And drew to my rescue;
4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;

His head with radiant glory crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow,
Fair'er is he than all the fair Who fill the heart's airy train.
For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief,
He makes me triumph o'er death, And saves me from the grave.

5. To heaven, the place of his abode,
6. From thy bounty I receive
He brings my weary feet;
Such proofs of love divine,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And from the grace of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOM. SHEPHERD.

1. Must I bear the cross a- lone, And all the world go free?
2. The crucified cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Upon the crystal pavement, down At Jesus' pierced feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O resurrection day!

Now, there's a cross for every one, And there's a crown for me,
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me,
With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And his dear name on fast,
Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.
NAOMI. C. M.

Anna Steele

1. Father, what'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry murmur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend;

Accept ed at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise;
The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee;
Thy presence thro' my jour ney's shine, And crown my journey's end.

AVON. C. M.

William Cowper

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peace ful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still!
4. Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest!

A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word?
But they have left an ach ing void The world can nev er fill.
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest ideal I have known,
Whatever that ideal be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close to God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purest light shall mark the road
That leads me to Lamb.
**MELODY. C.M.**

ISAAC WATTS.  

A. CHAPIN.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look how we grov-ed here be-low, Fand of these earth-ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our Se-man songs; In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev-er live At this poor dy-ing rate,
5. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kin-dle a flame of an-cient love In these cold heart-less ours.
Our souls can not-er-ly fly nor go To reach e-ter nal joy.
Ho-san-na ban-gish on our tongues, And our de-vo-tion shone,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine in so great?
Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

**ORTONVILLE. C.M.**

P. DODDRIDGE.  

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Je-sus, I love thy charm-ing name; 'Tis sweet to my ear; Pains would I
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jew-els to
3. All that my an-cient soul can wish, In thee doth richly meet; Nor to my
4. Thy grace shall dwell ever my heart, And shed its fragran-cy there—The noblest

sound it out so loud That all the earth might hear. That all the earth might hear. there are gaseous toys, And gold is sor-di-est dust, And gold is sor-di-est dust. eyes is light so dear. Nor friendship half so sweet. Nor friendship half so sweet.

balm of all its ills. The cen-tral of its cure. The cen-tral of its cure.

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1. O, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise!  
2. My gracious Master and my God, As little as to proclaim,  
3. Je-sus! the Name that turns our fear, That bids our sorrows cease;  
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-nied sin, He sets the prisoner free.

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!  
To spread thro' all the earth a-home, The hon-ors of thy Name,  
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ear, 'Tis life, and health and peace.  
His blood can make the soul re-ceive; His blood a-called for me.

5. He speaks— and, listening to his voice, hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
New life the dead receive; Your houn-sed tongues employ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; Ye blind, behold your sav-ior come;  
The humble poor believe. And leap, ye lame, for joy!

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BALERMA. C. M.

ANNA STEELE.  
R. SIMPSON.

1. And did the Ho-ly and the Just, The Sovereign of the skies,  
2. Yea, the Redeem-er left his throne, His radiant throne on high,  
3. He took the dy-ing traitor's place, And suffered in his stead;  
4. O Lord, what heav-enly won-ders dwell In this au-ton-mous blood!

Stoop down to wretches, new and dust, That guilt-ty man might rise?  
Sur-pis-ing mer-cy! love un-known! To suf-fer, bleed, and die.  
For sin-ful man—oh, wond-rous grace!— For sin-ful man he bled.  
By this are sin-ners saved from hell, And reb-el-s brought to God.
ARLINGTON.  C. M.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove:
2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with in, He knows our fee - ble frame:
3. In the - days of his flesh Pour'd out strong cries and tears:

His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.
He knows what it is to be a man,
And in his mem - ory feels a - fresh. What ev - ry mem - ber hears.

4. He'll never quench the smok - ing flax,
But raise it to a flame:
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorches the measles name.

5. Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain de - liv - ery grace
In the distressing hour.

CARROLL.  C. M.

1. That dole - ful night be - fore his death, The Lamb for sin - ners slain.
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber thee;
3. Thy still - rings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our re - mem - brance brings;
4. O turn our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pangs for thee,

Did, al - most with his dy - ing breath, This sol - emn feast en - dear;
Help each poor tres - cher to re - peat, “For me, he died for me!”
We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on those dear things,
To sing, “He sa - na - na to the Lamb!” The Lamb that died for me!

By per. The E. M. McMahan Co., owners of the Copyright.
181

THE PROMISED LAND.

SAMUEL STERNETT.  Arr. by R. M. McIlwraith.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. All o'er those wide-extending plains shineth one eternal day;
3. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that bountiful shore;
4. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ever blest?

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my precious ones lie,
There God, the Sun, forever reigns, And shadows night a-way,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt, and feared no more,
When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?

REFRAIN.

I am bound for the promised land, . . . . I am bound for the promised land; promised land,

O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.
1. Hail! sweet, dearest tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one:
2. What though the northern winter blast May howl a-round your tent?
3. From Borneo's shore, from Af- riel's strand, From India's burning plains?
4. No lingering look, no parting sigh, Our fate are meeting known:

Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds, To joys before unknown.
What though beneath our eastern sun Be met our distant lot?
From Europe, from Columbia's land, We hope to meet again.
There friendship beams from ev'ry eye, And love pro-mortal glows.

**CHORUS.**

It is the hope, the blissful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has given:

The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.
183 McANALLY. C. M. Double.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
   Must I not stem the flood?

2. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die;
   Shall I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
   And must I fight if I would reign, In-cease my courage, Lord;

3. In robes of victory thro' the skies, The glory shall be thine.

As per The R. M. Mcintosh Co., owners of the copyright.
1. A - bas, and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov - ereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He gran'd up on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blus - ter - ing face, While his dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grie - f can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - mas - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - grees!
When Christ, the might - y Ma - ter, died For man, the crea - ture's sin!
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way.

It was there by faith

I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
BOYLSTON. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. Dr. LOWELL MARVIN.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - send;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I praise her heav'n - ly ways,

The Church our bless'd Redeemer bought With his own pre - cious blood.
Dear is the ap - ple of thine eye, And gravi - on on thy hand.
To her thy tears and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet commun - ion, sel - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NABCEILL.

1. Re - st be the the - a that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mot - toal woes, Our mot - toal bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sep - der part It gives us in - ward pain;
5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way;

The fel - low - ship of kins - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our faces, our hopes, our arts, are one, - Our com - for - tate and our - mess.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - this - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
While each in ex - pect - a - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
GAVIN. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. And can I yet de-lay
   My lit-tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield!
   I can hold out no more;
3. Though here I all for sake;
   My friends, my all re-sign;
4. Come, and yes-ssee me whole,
   Nor hence a-gain re-move;

To bear my soul from earth a-way
For Je-sus to re-cieve?
I sink, by dy-ing love com-pelled,
And own the Con-quern-er!
Gracious be-doo-ner, take, O take,
And seal me ev-er thine!
Set-tle and fix my wav’ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

DEVOTION. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord; for-give,
   Let a re-penti-ng rebel live;
2. My crimes are great, but don’t sur-prise,
   The pow’r and glo-ry of thy grace;
3. Should sudden tempests raise my wrath,
   I must proportion thee just in dought;
4. Yet save a tem-bleg sinner, Lord,
   Whose hope, still hav’ring read thy word,

Are not thy mer-cies large and free?
May not a sin-ner trust in thee?
Great God, thy na-ture hath no bound,
So let thy pro-di-gious love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law appears it well.
Would light on most sweet praise there, Some sure support agaist de-spair.
COOKHAM. 7s.

JOHN CENNICK. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, Mrs. Dee.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey, let us sing:
2. We are trave'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod;
3. O ye blessed seed, be glad! Christ our Ad' vocate is made;
4. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the borders of our land;
5. Lord, o be-dent-ly we'll go, Gladly leaving all be-low;

King our Saviour's wor- thy praise, Glor- ious in his works and ways
They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi- ness shall see,
Us to save, our souls as-sure, Faith-er to our souls be-come
Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Hide us un-di-scovered go on,
On- ly thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low thee.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, Mrs. Dee.

1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And heart-ly dusts be buried,
3. Let once, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of nor-row fall;
4. There I shall lie in my wea-ry soul, In seas of heav'nly rest,

I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, Then I can smile at
So I best suf-fice-ly reach my home, So I best suf-fice-ly
And not a wave of trou-blis roll, And not a wave of

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NINETY-FIFTH. Concluded.

1. How fictions and false are the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet precepts, sweet hints, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
D.C.—But when I am happy in him, De ember's as pleasant as May.
2. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than sun-shine his voice;
His presence dispels ever gloom,
And makes all within me re-join:
D.C.—No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.

3. Contend with beholding his face,
My all in all, his pleasure resigned;
No change of scene or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And princes would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If these are my soul and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark dews from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

DE FLEURY. 8s.  
LEWIS EKIN.  
FISK.

1. Did Christ e'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
2. The Son of God in tears
The wond’ring angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee!
3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.
193 ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

A. M. TOPLADY.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK OF AGES, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
D.C.

2. Could my soul for rest know,
Could my heart forever flow,
All for sin could not alone;
Then must save, and thro’ alone;
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

194 COME YE SINNERS.

J. HART.

COME YE SINNERS.

COME YE SINNERS, poor and weak,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
D.C.—He is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power,
D.C.

2. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of sin’s fearful dream;
All the fitness he requires
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
“Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.

3. Atoning in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;

4. Lo! the incorruptible God,
Ascended, ascended;
Fleds the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

184
SWEET HOME. 11s.

DAVID DIXON. H. B. RIVINGTON.

1. Mid songs of con-fu-sion and even-tide-complaints, How sweet is my
2. Sweet home, that a-nite all the chil-dren of peace; And thrice-blessed
3. While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stray, O give me sub-
4. I long, dear-est Lord, in thy beau-ty to shine; No more as an

and in com-mu-nion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of
Je-sus, whose love can-not cease; Though oft from thy pre-sence
mis-sion and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to
ex-ile in sor-row to pine; And in thy dear im-age a-

the-same, And feel in the pres-ence of Je-sus at home!
and now I roam, I long to be-hold thee in glo-ry at home,
thee would I see. Re-join- ing in hope of my glo-
ris from the tomb, With glo-

Chorus.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Sav-iour, for glo-

99
THE OTHER SHORE.


1. There is a land of glorious beauty For which we sigh,
2. That land is never over-shadowed There's no more night,
3. There are our dearly loved ones gathering Home one by one;
4. Then with the happy host of heaven Our songs we'll raise,

O pilgrim 'mid your onward journey, Lift up your waiting eye,
For he who is our great salvation Is evermore the light.
There we may hope some day to meet them When all our work is done.
And in a sea of glad rejoicing We'll turn our hearts to praise.

REFRAIN.

In that land there is no sorrow, Tears are known no more,

And gladly will we hail each morrow, O'er on the other shore.

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OUR BONDAGE IT SHALL END.

Anon.

Old Southern Melody.
Arr. by W. M. McDermott.

1. Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by; Our bondage it shall end, by and by; From Egypt's yoke set free, our chains are strong, we'll go on; Our hearts dissolve with fear.

2. Hail the glorious jubilee, And to Canaan we'll return, Lo, Sinait's God is near, While the fiery pillar moves,

By and by, by and by, And to Canaan we'll return, by and by; We'll go on, we'll go on, While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

3. Through Mara's bitter streams We'll go on, we'll go on, Though Mara's vale be dry, And the land yield no supply.

4. And when to Jordan's flood, We are come, we are come; Jehovah rules the tide, And the waters he'll divide.

5. Then friends shall meet again, Who have loved, who have loved; Our kindness shall be sweet At the dear Redeemer's feet.

6. Then with all the happy throng, We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice, Shouting glory to our King, Till the vaults of heaven shall ring, And through all eternity, We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice.
198 REST FOR THE WEARY.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER. Arr. by R. M. McDermott.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ever shall cease, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory—Shout your triumphs ye go;

There my Saviour's gone before me, To fill my soul's request.
For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.
But, in that celestial center, I a crown of life shall wear.
Zion's gates will open for you, Ye shall find an entrance there.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary—There is rest for the weary—
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,

There is rest for the weary—There is rest for you—
Where the tree of life is blooming—There is rest for you.
1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek sup-piles of grace, There the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pre-sence near;
4. May the gos-pel's joy-ful sound Con-quer sin-ner, com-fort saints,

Let us now a bless-ing seek; Wait-ing in his courts to-day.
Show thy re-con-cil-ing face—Take a-way our sin and shame.
May thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap-pear.
Make the fruit of grace a-bound, Bring re-lief from all em-pair.

Day of all the week the best, Em-bled of e-ter-nal rest;
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er last-ing feast;
Thus let all our wor-ship prove, Till we join the Churc-h a-bore.

Day of all the week the best, Em-bled of e-ter-nal rest.
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er last-ing feast.
Thus let all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Churc-h a-bore.
THE SHELTERING CROSS.

1. O'er presses with noonday's scorching heat, To yon-der cross I flee;
2. Beneath that clear wa-ter stran— A fontain spark-ling free;
3. A stran-ger here, I pitch my tent Beneath the spread-ing tree;
4. For I found a rest-ing place, Beneath that cross I see:

Beneath its shel-ter take my seat, No shade like this for me.
And there I quench my de-sert thirst, No spring like this for me.
Here shall my pil-grim life be spent, No house like this for me.
Here I cast off my way-ri-ness, No rest like this for me.

No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me.
No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me.
No house like this for me! No house like this for me.
No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me.

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LOVING KINDNESS. L.M.

1. A-wake my soul to joy-ful lays, And sing my great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. He saw me raised to the hill, Yet lov'd me, not-withstanding all;
3. The'sanctuaries' hoaest of mighty men, The earth and hell my way op-pose;
4. When troublous, like a gloom-y shroud, He gathered thick and thunders loud,

American Melody.
LOVING KINDNESS.—Concluded.

He justly claims a song from me—His loving kindness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost estate—His loving kindness, O how great!
He safely led me, and along—His loving kindness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood—His loving kindness, O how good!

Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free!
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how great!
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how strong!
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how good!

205 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

H. BOWEN. J. J. Hubbard.

1. Rejoice and be glad: the Redeemer has come; Go look on his
2. Rejoice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri-
3. Rejoice and be glad: for our King is on high; He pleadeth for
4. Rejoice and be glad: for he cometh again—He cometh in

Refrain:

cresc., his cross, and his touch.
emphatica, and liveth again.
us on his throne in the sky.
glory, the Lamb that was slain.

Of him who was slain; found his praises, tell the story.
For last verse, be cresc. again.
206  ELLESIDE.  8s & 7s.  Double.  
H. F. Lyte.  

I. Je-sus, I my cross have take-n, All to leave, and fol-low thee;  
2. Let the world despise and leave me—It has left my Sav-ior too;  
3. I, in Thou, earthy fame and treasure, Dis-tress-er, sorrow and pain;  

FINIS.  

There is a fountain.  

I am poor, de-spi-der, for-naught Thou, from hence, try all shall be.  
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion—God and heaven are still my own!  
D.S.—Man’s heart and looks de-ny me—Then art not, like them, un-true;  
D.S.—Foes may hate and friends may scorn me—Shed thy grace, and all is bright.  
In thy love, in thy grace, in thy love, our joy is sure.  
D.S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All may work for good to us.  
Per-ish ev’ry found am-bi-tion, All I’ve sought and longed and known.  
Whilst thy gra-cious-ness shall dwell me, God of wis-dom, love and might,  
I have called thee, Ah-ba, Father, I have set my heart on thee.  

207  THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.  
W. Cowper.  

I. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-ma-nu-el’s veins;  
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount ain in his day;  
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never more be—  
4. Ever since, by faith, I saw the streams Thy flow-ing wounds supply,  
5. Then is a no-bler, sweet-er song, I’ll sing thy pow’r to save,  

FINIS.  

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
Till all the ram-men-der church of God Be saved to sin no more.  
Be-come-ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.  
When this poor limp-ing, stammering tongue Lies ei-ther in the grave.
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,  Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Wash all my sins a-way,  Wash all my sins a-way.
So saved to sin no more,  So saved to sin no more.
And shall be till I die,  And shall be till I die.
Lies si-lent in the grave,  Lies si-lent in the grave.

208

ENTREATY. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.  Arr. by GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Fa- ther, I stretch my hands to thee,  No oth-er help I know;
What did those an-ly Sen-endure,  Be- fore I drew my breath!
2. Au-thor of faith, to thee I lift  My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;
I know what pain, what la-ter to re-ceive  My soul from end-less death?
3. My soul with-out it dies!  And here I will un-wear-ied lie,  Till thou thy Spirit give.
O let me hear thy quick-ning voice  And taste thy pard-ning grace!

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209 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help on thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Garden thy mighty sword, Our pray'rs attend;

Futher all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign o'er us, Ancient of days.
Spirits of holiness, On us descend!

3. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
They who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And move from on depart,
Spirit of power!

4. To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And in eternity
Love and adore.

210 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES F. SMITH.

1. My country! 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty,
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free,
3. Let us sit still, the breeze, And sing from all the trees
4. Our fathers' God! to thee, An anthem of Liberty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died! Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
sweet freedom's song: Let incorrupt tongues awake: Let all that
To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's

HENRY CARY.

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AMERICA.—Concluded.

pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled bills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove,
beateae partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-longed,
ho-ly light; Pro-tec-t us by thy might, Great God, our King!

211

BOTTOMLEY. L. M. Double.

ISAAC WATTS.

Att. by R. M. McINTOSH, Mus. Doc.

1. [He saved—the Friend of sin-ners-tries; Lo! Salem's daugh-ter's re-prieved;
A sep-tum dark-ness veil the skies; A sud-den tem-ple shuns the ground.
D.C.—But he!—what sad-dest joys we see—Je-sus, the dead, re-vives, he gains!
2. [The ris-ing God fer-nakes the hub; Up to his Fa-ther's court he flies;
Cho-ru-s his glo-rious yoke him bor-sen, And shout him, welcome to the skies.
D.C.—Sing how he spelt the beads of hell; And led the tyrant Death in chains.

Here's love and grief bor-yond de-gree: The Lord of glo-ry dies for men!
Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great De-liv'er re-gne.

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212

PITT.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. A moan, my eyes, O Holy Dove, That I may pierce This bough of love.
2. Unstop mine ear, Made deaf by sin, That I may hear Thy voice with-in.
3. Break my hard heart, Jesus, my Lord; In the longest part, Hide thy sweet word.
213  NETTLETON.  8s & 7s.  Double.

ROBINSON.  

[Music notation]

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise:

   D.C.—Praise the mount,—O, fix me on it,—Mount of God’s unchanging love.

   Teach me some praise-suitable metre, Sung by ransomed tongues in love;

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;
    Hither by thy help I’m come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
    Safely to arrive at home:

   Jesus sought me when a stranger,
    Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
    Interposed his precious blood.

   3. O, to grace how great a debtor
    Daily I’m constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a etter,
    Bind my wandering heart to thee.

   Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
    Prone to leave the God I love;
Here’s my heart; Lord, take and seal it,
    Seal it thus thy courts above.

214  OLIVET.  6s & 4s.

PALMER.  

[Music notation]

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
2. May thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart,
3. While life’s dark mantle I tread, And griefs around me spread,
4. When ends life’s transitory dream, When death’s cold, solemn stream

   Savour divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
   My soul in spire: As thou hast bled for me, O may my
   Be thou my Guide:Bid dark-mists turn to day, Wipe sorrows’s
   Shall o’er me roll, Blest Savour! then, in love, Fear and dis-
OLIVET. Concluded.

vict a-way, O let me from this day Be what ly things!
love to thee: Pure, warm, and changeless be. A liv ing fire!
tears a-way Nor let me ev er stray From thee a-side,
trust re-move; O, bear me safe a-bove, A res ur ened soul!

215 MARTYN. 7s. Double.

CHARLES WEBLEY. S. E. MARSH.

Fine.

Jesus, love of my soul, Let me to thy brea sty, 
While the nearer wa ters roll, While the teespest still high; 
D.C.—Safe in to the ba sen guide, O receive my soul at last!

D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav our, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuges have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Then, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Pardon grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.
PLEYEL’S HYMN. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY.  
IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Depth of mercy, can there be Mercy still reserved for me?  
2. I have long withstood his grace; Long pro-voked him to his fear.  
3. Jesus, an-swer from a-love: Is not all thy na-tur-e here?  
4. Now in-spire me to re-pent; Let me now my fall in-vent;

Can my God his wrath for-bear, And the chief of sin-ners spare?  
Would not hear his pro-rious calls; Grieved him by a thou-sand falls.  
Will thou not the wrong for-get? Lo, I fall be-fore thy feet.  
Deep-ly my re-volt de-plete; Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

217 HENDON. 7s.  

CHARLES WESLEY.  
C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Lord, we came be-en thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; O, do not our  
2. Lord, on thee our soul de-pend, In com-pas-sion now de-scend; Fill our hearts with  
3. In those our ap-point-ed way Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not  
4. Send some mes-sage from thy word That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spir-it

smit dis-dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?  
thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise, Tune our lips to sing thy praise, how to go. Till a bless-ing then be-stow, Till a bless-ing then be-stow, now in-part. Fall sal-vation to each heart, Fall sal-vation to each heart.
218  LONGDALE.  5s, 6s & 9s.

CHARLES WESLEY.  Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. How happy are they Who their Saviour obey,
2. That comfort was mine, When the fav'ror divine
3. 'Twas a heaven below My Redeemer to know,

And have laid up their treasures above? Tongue can not express
1 first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it believed,
And the angels could do nothing more Than fall at his feet,

The sweet-comfort and peace Of a soul in its merci-est love!
What a joy I re ceived, What a heaven in Jesus's name!
And the sto ry re peat, And the Lover of sinners a-bove.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did ev'ry Elijah his seat;
My soul ascended higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the more it was under my feet.

7 O the stupendous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the hallowed blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest.
As if filled with the fulness of God,
SEND A BLESSING.

As sung by Hon. R. B. Badgeman, Treasurer of the State of Georgia.

Air by R. M. McLemore, M.D.D. Doc.

1. O tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time of such A country I've found, Where true joys a-bound, To dwell I'm des-

2. The scents that be-ieve, In par-a-dise live, And me in that My soul, don't de- lay— He calls thee a-way, Else, fol-low thy

3. No mor-tal death know What he can be-stow, What light, strength, and In on-ward I move To a cit-y above, None guess-es here

REFRAIN.

tri-umph with me now is o'er; terminated on that hap-py ground. number will Je-sus re-con-vey. Savior, and bless the glad day. comfort—go on-er him, go; woodross my jour-ney will prove.

blessing, Send a bless-ing, send a bless-ing. Send a

blessing just now, Just now, just now, Send a bless-ing just now.

4 Great spoils I shall win, From death, hell, and sin,
Most sweet affections shall feel Christ within; And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry.
For Jesus hath loved me, I want to tell why.

6 But this I do find, We two are so joined, He'll not live in glory and leave me behind; So this is the race I'm running through grace, Henceforth—till adjoined to my Lord's face.

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HEAVENLY ASPIRATION.

1. This world is not my home, I know, For sin and sorrow round me;
   But mercy tempers ev’ry trial, And goodness smiles a-round me.

2. The tear may fall, the heart may bleed, And all look dark and dreary;
   But love divine supplies my need, And cheers the heart—it waxeth.

3. With heart resigned, I bid adieu
   To those who love, but leave me;
   My home, my heavenly home’s in view,
   Where death shall ne’er bereave me.

4. My heavenly home, where Jesus reigns
   When I behold thy glory,
   I’ll walk thy ever-sweet plains,
   And sing redemption’s story.

I WILL ARISE.

I will arise and go to Jesus, He will embrace me in his arms;

In the arms of my dear Saviour, O, there are ten thousand charms.

*Any familiar and suitable hymn may be sung in connection with this hymn.
HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. O. happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour, and my God! O. happy bond that seals my vows To him that sure-ly all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that a-cred shrine I move.

2. Well may his glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad. Let me that saw Jesus face to face, And feel his love, my soul bewail. Let me with cheerful steps advance, To where his name I ne’er shall fail.

3. happiness its rapt-ures, and its peace, And all its blessings for to bear. I. O. happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away! Chosen of God, and fit for heaven, Through Jesus, I in bliss may rest. R. Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away! His love unchanging, constant love, His love, that will not let me fall. His love, that will not let me fall.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Here I have found a safer port, Here heavenly pleasures fill my heart, Here heavenly pleasures fill my heart.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him, a-bove, ye heav’nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise him, a-bove, ye heav’nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
1. God be with you till we meet again, By his means guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils shall surround you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you.

With his sheep so care-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again,
Dai-ly mean-ly still di-ride you, God be with you till we meet again,
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet again,
Smiteth death's threaten-ing wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

REFRAIN.
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

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